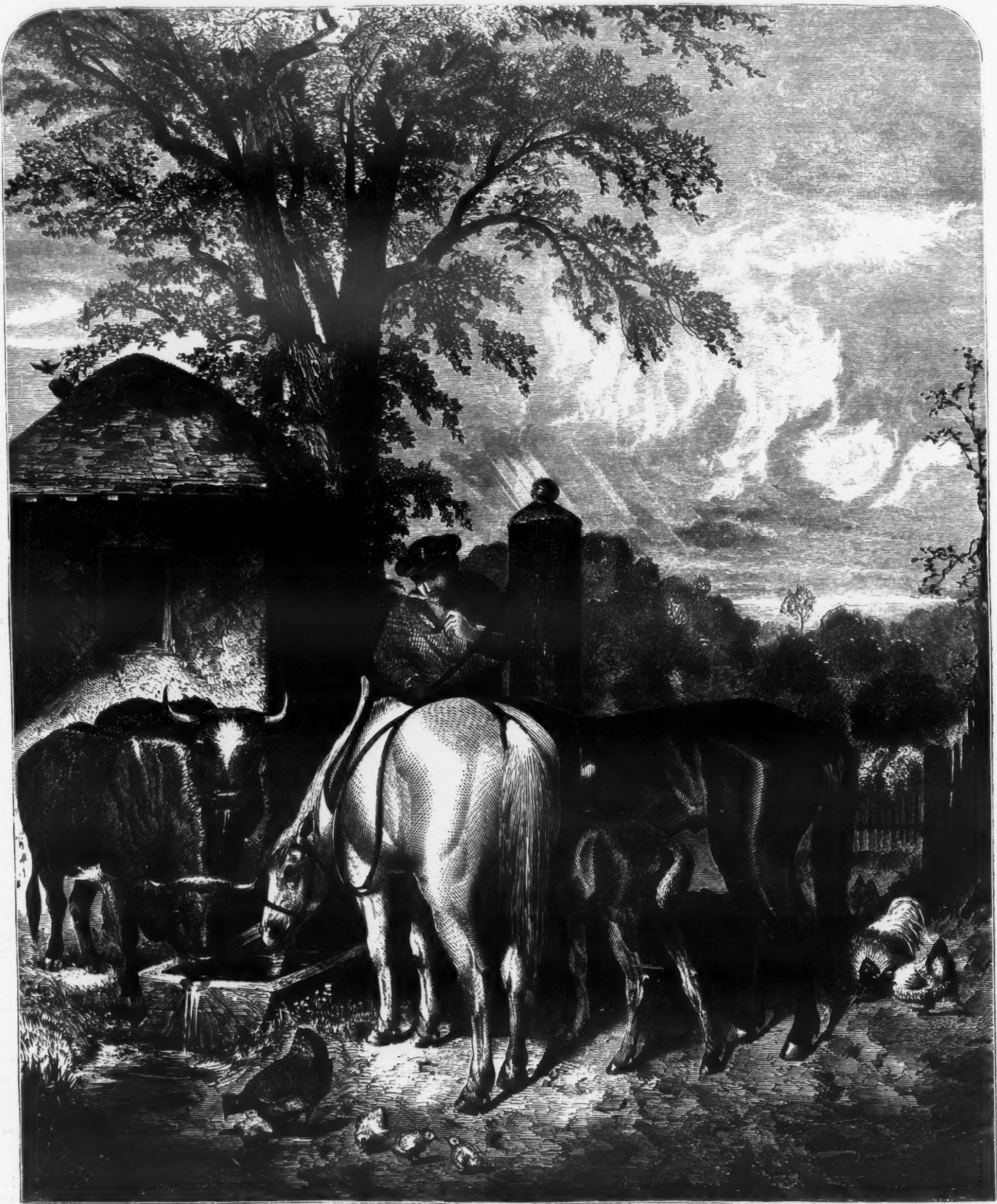


# *The Aldine*

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WATERING THE CATTLE.—PETER MORAN.

## THE ALDINE.

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## TIRED MOTHERS.

A LITTLE elbow leans upon your knee,  
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;  
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly  
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.  
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch  
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;—  
You do not prize this blessing over-much,  
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago  
I did not see it as I do to-day,—  
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow  
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.  
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,  
That, while I wore the badge of mother-hood,  
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly,  
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,  
You miss this elbow from your tired knee;  
This restless, curling head from off your breast,  
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;  
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,  
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;  
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,  
I could not blame you for your heart-ache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,  
At little children clinging to their gown;  
Or that the foot-prints, when the days are wet,  
Are ever black enough to make them frown.  
If I could find a little muddy boot,  
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;  
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,  
And hear its patter in my home once more:

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,  
To-morrow make a kite, to reach the sky—  
There is no woman in God's world could say  
She was more blissfully content than I.  
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own  
Is never rumpled by a shining head;—  
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;  
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

—Mrs. Albert Smith.

## A SEPTEMBER REVERIE.

THE days which give us most pleasure are not those which are set down as gala days in the Calendar, but either those which precede, or those which follow them. They cluster together—these with the promise of happy days to come, and those with the memory of happy days departed. We know not how it may be with others, but we expect them when winter and summer are over. We look for them in April, after the last rains have gone, and the first buds have come—an early twilight time, with twinkling dews in the grass, and a silvery light in the kindling sky. And we look for them in September, and find them then, as we find the evening twilight, which is their fittest emblem. We have endured the heat and burden of the summer days. They were intolerable while here, but now that they are gone we are willing to remember them pleasantly. We recall the happiest, which, in view of the past summer, is but another way of saying we recall the *coolest*, and live over our woodland rambles, and our thoughtful watches by the sea. We have only to give ourselves up to reverie, and the summer will return. It has returned. A moment ago we sat at our table, pen in hand, beating our brains for an idea, and now we are at the seaside.

We are in a primitive little town on the sea-coast of Massachusetts. Twenty years ago it was bustling with life, but to-day it is dead. Where once great ships were built the grass grows, and the wharves are slowly crumbling. Year in and year out the insidious sea has eaten into the land, and the shingle is rolled further up the beach. The houses are old and weather-beaten, but there is a look of thrift about them, and their dwellers, who for the most part have no visible means of support, they appear to be rich enough to have two ministers, at least a portion of the year, and they talk of having a High School at no distant date. It is not of these worthy people that we think now, however they may flit before our mental vision, but of ourselves. We are sitting on the end of a long wharf, watching the

waves. It is not exactly the Sea which we behold, for there are islands in the offing, but it is as much of the Sea as we care to have perpetually before our eyes. The movement of the Sea is there, and its infinite changes: its desolation is wanting. We are never weary of it: we never can be weary of it. We have sat year after year where we sit now, and an inexhaustible sense of pleasure has poured in upon our souls. We are not glad, we are not sad; we are calm, and grave, and strong. All that was false about us has vanished. The wind has wafted away our worsen part like a mist: the waves have swept it afar in their endless chase.

What are we thinking of? We never know what we are thinking of when we look upon the sea. Our thoughts are too vague, too vast, to be apprehended. They are elemental. The poets have attempted to interpret them for us, but they have not succeeded. Byron has come the nearest to grasping the secret, but it has evaded him. Shelley has caught the feeling of the sea, or as much of it as haunts the Bay of Naples, and has fixed it for ever in his brilliant but mournful lines:

"I see the Deep's untrampled floor  
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;  
I see the waves upon the shore,  
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown;  
I sit upon the sands alone,  
The lightning of the noontide ocean  
Is flashing round me, and a tone  
Arises from its measured motion,  
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion."

The song is too sad for us, and our little landlocked bay. We prefer the breezy lyric of Whittier on Hampton Beach:

"Good-bye to Pain and Care! I take  
Mine ease to-day;  
Here, where these sunny waters break,  
And ripples this keen breeze, I shake  
All burdens from the heart, all weary thoughts away.

I draw a freer breath—I seem  
Like all I see—  
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam  
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—  
And far-off sails which flit before the south wind free."

We have sat by the sea a thousand times, but never with the serious joy that we feel now. When we saw it last, in the body, it was July, and its waves burned like fire: to-day it is what we would have it—cool and clear. If a storm ever broke upon it, no trace of it remains: it is as placid as a mirror. It can no more be ruffled than the feeling with which we regard it, and which, if it was ever disturbed, has long since learned forgetfulness.

"Grief is for the sea of men,  
By God's ocean it must weep."

## BISHOP'S OAK.

CAN the tree which spreads its branches wide above you, or the sweet fern leaf at your feet, so intimately enter into your affairs as to play an important part in your destiny, even after the manner of an intelligent and responsible agent? There certainly are agents whom we do not scruple to call so, who perform their part with quite as little betrayal of sympathy.

Here was Bishop's Oak, which had been growing forty years, and had had nothing to do, but hold itself up in a dignified manner, embrace its opportunities and find the earth and the heavens on its side—which is all human nature has to do, we are told, and half believe—when two young men, approaching Bishop's Tavern toward the close of a dreadful day in the summer drought, saw it, and exclaimed together. One of them became at once so excited that, in spite of the heat and his fatigue, he quickened his pace, and finally set off on a run. The other followed more slowly. For a moment or two it was even doubtful to himself whether he would follow at all; for, suddenly, he had discovered that they were within a stone's throw of the Deer's Head Inn, from which he had departed alone by night, fifteen years before, as a bond-child escaping from a hateful bondage. Under that very tree he had stood and told little Delph not to cry, crying himself meanwhile; and though he had told her then that he would come again, in the years that had followed he had made himself quite another promise. With the old life he had buried the old purpose. And, yet, here he was!

All at once he now said to himself, "I'm here, and

I'll go on—but they'll never know me, and they never *shall* know me, if they are alive. Old Bishop, though, must have come to the end of his rope before this." And so deciding, he went on to join his companion.

"Do you see that knee up there?" the young fellow shouted, as they stood together beneath the oak. "How splendidly that great branch fits into the trunk! What a curve the builders can get from it."

"The tree is a landmark," answered the other, with considerably less enthusiasm.

"That is clear enough. We'll have it though."

"I don't know. I lived in this region once; but mum's the word! Call me Tiffany, and see if any body recognizes me; if I thought there was any danger, I would back out of this job. There isn't any one here I want to see, if the same folk are around that used to keep the tavern."

Young Lewis looked at his companion altogether amazed. After a moment he laughed, and said, "Mum's the word. We'll carry the tree off between us as a souvenir."

"Not a leaf of it! I should feel," said young Mr. Tiffany, looking up into the glorious green above him, "as if I had committed a murder. Do you think a tree has no feeling?"

"You sentimental humbug! What an eye to business you have, to be sure!"

"Let us order our supper," said the sentimentalist "I'm as hungry as a bear."

The landlord of the Deer's Head Inn was standing on the steps of the two-story white frame building, which was the pride of his life, and the like of which you may see fifty times repeated in your country rambles on a summer's day, when the young men came in sight.

"A couple of swells," he said to himself, with a decision that showed no sense of difficulty in deciding upon men.

He meant, perhaps, that they were uncommonly well-dressed youths, such as are accustomed to find satisfaction in the looking-glass. Any mother on the face of the wide earth might, in fact, have felt proud to own young Lewis as her son. Such a figure and bearing, and such health, one would not see repeated often in a regiment of men. Tiffany, two or three inches shorter, had been dealt with less kindly by nature in every external particular, yet, considered apart by himself, his dark countenance and bright eyes would have presented their attractions.

The round and red-faced innkeeper, gray-haired, slow-moving, good-natured, as usual, stood on the topmost step of the flight leading to his door, ready to welcome the strangers, and as there were no horses to put out he had only to step into the hall, shout "Delphy," and order "supper for two."

The young stranger, who had been a child fifteen years ago, and had then found in this old man an object of terror, needed now no further information than was given him by his own wary senses.

Having brought his eyes to bear with bleared discrimination upon the new comers, Bishop speedily discovered that the slender, swift-moving, dark-browed Tiffany was the man of the two, and that the other "swell" would be a good fellow to talk and smoke with that evening, so he paid court to both.

The supper-bell soon sounding, the young men found themselves forthwith seated at one end of the tavern-table, and waited on by the innkeeper's daughter, a girl whom apparently no amount of work could throw off her balance. That the burden of the "Public" had not been borne by her good-for-nothing father was perfectly manifest; had much serving given to those blue eyes their thoughtful, wistful look, and to her features the expression of anxious foreboding which appeared to be permanently fixed in them?

The travelers addressed themselves to the dishes before them with an earnestness which showed their purpose to make an end of them. They seemed hardly to see the girl who waited on them, until just as the innkeeper entered the room and sat down near the table—then Tiffany appeared to notice that she was a very pretty girl, and to wonder whether she could be aware of the fact.

The inn keeper had evidently dropped in to continue the conversation begun in his bar-room before the call to supper, for he said, as he sat down, "I've had offers before for that old fellow; but I never had the mind, yet, to let him go."

"You'll think better of it this time, I'm sure," said Lewis, helping himself with liberal hand from two or three dishes in swift succession.



"I don't know. It's the only tree on the corner, you see, and you'd be amazed to know how it breaks the heat of summer, and the east winds in winter: we couldn't well get on without it."

"May be the squirrels have inquired within; it's an old tree," said Lewis with indifference.

"Sound as a roach, sir! You don't see no woodpeckers on them limbs, and there are enough of the little rascals prying around here, I assure you."

"If you conclude to sell," said Tiffany, "you'll give us the refusal?"

"Well—well—yes—yes—I'll give you the refusal. I wouldn't take anything short of fifty dollars, though, understand." As he spoke, the innkeeper brought his hand down on the table with an emphasis which made the dishes rattle.

"Just twenty-five more than we have paid yet," said Tiffany, looking at Lewis.

"It's a capital knee," returned Lewis. "I never saw a better. It's worth full twenty-five dollars, and you will have at least three cords of wood from it after we've taken what we want."

"Wood isn't that high with us," answered Bishop, dryly, with a wise smile, which assured Lewis that he must try again.

"Let us go out, and take another look at it before dark," he said, swallowing his hot tea without wincing. "We must be off early in the morning, Tiffany."

Tiffany, instead of responding, sat still and ate his supper, evidently intent on taking his ease at his inn.

"I've tramped as long as I can afford to on an empty stomach," he said; and then he looked toward the innkeeper's daughter, and saw that she still stood ready to wait on him.

"Delphy will attend to you," said Bishop, and he went out with Lewis.

They had hardly gone from the room when the pent-up painful apprehension of the girl in waiting betrayed itself.

As she placed another cup of tea beside Tiffany's plate, she asked, and great was his satisfaction that her interrogation had taken this form, instead of another—which he had almost apprehended—

"What is it you talk of buying of father?"

The question seemed to demand that the young man should look straight at Delphy, and continue to look at her while he answered; accordingly he did so.

"The oak-tree on the corner opposite," he said; and, but for the mustache and whiskers, which nearly covered the lower half of his face, he might not have looked so much like a model of indifference as he then did; for he became suddenly aware that she had recollections, and that because of them, the tree was dear to her.

"You do not mean to cut it down!" she exclaimed.

"You might as well ask father for his eyes."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said he, "I hope he won't be unreasonable. We are buying for shipbuilders, and I never saw a better knee than can be got out of the tree. Within a year, perhaps, your old oak may be launched on the ocean. That's something to think of." The girl seemed to reflect—then she said with decision, but with the plaintive tone of one upon whom too weighty burdens have been laid—burdens of sorrow, and of responsibility—

"Don't offer father fifty dollars, please. It is worth more than that. It is worth more than you can pay! No amount of money ought to be able to buy it."

"Why," said Tiffany, "if you feel that way! I had no idea that you would."

"It has been the most beautiful thing to me all my life," said Delphy. "It is the only thing left here, almost."

Tiffany looked at her, and said to himself, "I hope you won't cry;" and she said to herself, as if answering the wish, "I won't."

There are natures which, it is evident, are made solely for the comfort and well-being of others; they are never thought of—only their resources. In the distribution of the prizes of life they are always forgotten. Was Delphy one of these? It almost seemed so. But, upon these patient payers of everybody's taxes, there is usually at last a duty imposed, and it is as if the earth were rent, and the heavens rolled together. Then what amazement all round.

When Tiffany answered Delphy, who had now evidently passed through some such experience, there was a little tremor in his voice.

"If that is true," he said, "you need not feel disturbed. I wouldn't consent to take the oak at any price. Indeed, you need not think I would."

"Oh, thank you," said Delphy. And now, what an amount of table serving, in this gentleman's behalf, was she not capable of! But Tiffany had made an end of eating, and rising he drew forth his cigar case.

"Have you a match handy?" he asked.

Delphy brought him a match.

"It's getting dark," said he. "Too late for looking at trees. We have walked twenty-five miles to-day, I suppose." So, instead of going out to join his friend, he walked to one of the front windows of the dining room, and sat down.

Delphy cleared the table, and as she went to and fro Tiffany seemed to find some satisfaction in watching her easy and all but noiseless motions.

When all was done, and she was about to leave the room, she lingered yet a moment to say, "If you will do as you said, I will say no more about it. I don't want to oppose my father, but that tree must not be touched."

"It shall surely be as you wish," said Tiffany, and when she had gone from the room he took his cigar from his mouth, and closed his eyes. "Poor Delph!" he said to himself, "I will promise at least as much as that; but dear me! I am sorry I came here—I wish I had not seen her—what a wreck the whole concern is!" Presently, in spite of these somewhat gloomy words, a bright smile overspread his face—but not such a smile as ever breaks into laughter; and then he arose, and all but expressed aloud his satisfaction that he was the master of his own secret, and would continue to be so. Whether he smiled, thinking that poor Delph was a perfect beauty, or because she loved the old oak so valiantly, or for some reason less praiseworthy, is just now no concern of ours. Let him smile.

While he walked and smiled, his cigar between his fingers, the innkeeper came in, and the three sat down in the bar-room, and smoked, and talked—Bishop telling tales about old times, and the days when he first came into this country, long before the railroads, in the prosperous days of the stage-coach, when it was worth a live man's while to keep a public house. All this had interest for Tiffany, and he encouraged the tale-telling, though he hearkened as if in spite of himself until Lewis asked, almost angrily, whether they were to be paid for the beds they were kept out of by this talk.

"You don't mean to give fifty dollars for that oak!" said Tiffany to Lewis, the minute they closed the door of their chamber behind them.

"I do, and I expect to get an honor for my decision when we go back with our trophy. When you hear what's said about my knee you'll see your own's out of joint."

"You may find you have been too free with another man's money."

"There's not another oak like that, though, within a hundred miles."

"Nor another such tough customer."

"Ha, Tif! Is he your old chap? I forgot all about that."

"Yes. Not another word on that point, though, till we are twenty-four hours out of this." The next minute Lewis was asleep.

By daybreak Tiffany was out surveying the oak. About sunrise Lewis joined him. Tiffany had gathered a handkerchief full of acorn cups, and taken the circumference of the oak.

"Isn't it a prize?" asked Lewis.

"Most too big a one, like the elephant. I should feel like a hangman, if I could bring my mind to take off the head of a tree like that. Just as I said before, it can't be done."

"Wait till you've had your breakfast. I got a scent of brook trout as I came round the house. Upon my word, Tif, I'd be ashamed to give twenty-five for that oak, when I remember what trees we have paid the same amount of money for."

"I'd be ashamed to take the tree at any price. See how it fits into that corner of the field, and how dreadfully the house and stables would look without it. They say we are on the edge of splendid forest land. I'll do all my sentimentalizing over this oak, and you may have your way with the rest, sure as my name is Ben Tiffany."

At that, both laughed, and Lewis understood that it would be better now for him to yield.

"We can come back this way," he said, "if we find that we've gone farther only to fare worse."

So the fifty dollars, which the innkeeper had felt snugly deposited in the bottom of his pocket, were not deposited there, and the tree waved in the wind

as unconscious that henceforth there was a price set upon its head, as the best among us.

"I don't think we have done our duty by the oak, though," said Tiffany to Delphy, who was drawing water from the well. It was after breakfast, and the young men were about to set off. "The tree might have had a longer life on the sea than on the land. It would have had an honorable career opened to it on the ocean, and there isn't anybody to warrant you against a flash of lightning. Any day it may be torn into splinters, and, if it is, it will be good for nothing except kindling wood."

"We must all take our chances," said Delphy; and it was clear that on most occasions she would know precisely her own value.

"I have said to Mr. Lewis, though," continued Mr. Tiffany, hesitating, perhaps doubting the wisdom of prolonging the talk, "if we don't succeed in the forest, we will come back this way, and talk about the tree again."

"Oh! isn't that all over?"

"I hope so, truly." Tiffany could not, try though he might, avoid seeing and meeting the painful look with which this exclamation of Delphy's was accompanied. "I am sure I shall be glad if we find what we want further in. Is there plenty of trout in your brooks? I haven't seen any place half so pleasant as this seems to me." In fact Tiffany had many times said the same thing to himself that morning, and now, like a simpleton, he repeated it, as if for her edification.

"Gentlemen say it is the best place in the country for fishing. It ought to be good for something, now we have a stage only once a week," she answered, quite eloquent in earnestness.

"I should say the fish would never have a scare here. It is the stillest place I was ever in. Is there anybody in the house, or out of it, except your father and you?"

"Philip—my brother, and our old Martha. That's all."

"I haven't seen him."

"No; he is attending the county Fair. Father is calling. Somebody wants a meal. I must go."

"Must you go?"

"Delph! here! right away!" shouted old Bishop.

"Well," she said, "good-by. I thank you for being so kind about the old oak. You said the lightning might strike it—that would be as if a friend had died whose life couldn't be saved. But shame to us, if we could sell it, and see it hacked to pieces before our eyes! You think so, too!"

"I do; I do," said Tiffany.

"I knew it," she answered, with a sudden glad look. "Coming, father!" and she sped away. Poor Delphy!

Must I add that, half an hour later, when the young men were on their way to the forest, Tiffany was rather glad that they had left the old inn behind them? and that, as Delphy ran to and fro, waiting on tired, hungry travelers all day, she asked herself, "Will they ever come again?" I must add, that when our travelers had walked a mile, perhaps, Tiffany slipped the carnelian seal-ring, which he wore, from his hand into his pocket, thinking of Delphy's unringed fingers, which labor had done its best to unshape. Can you believe that, young gentlemen?

\* \* \* \* \*

Philip came home that day, and reported that fires were raging in the woods to the north and east; and that, in consequence of the long drought, everything was being licked up by the flames. The wind changing that night confirmed the intelligence; the sky was heavily overcast, and the air became an exasperating burden.

It was south-west that Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Lewis had turned their steps, Delphy reminded herself, and her thoughts found it more pleasant to follow them through the woods than to penetrate the region of fire and smoke. There were neighbors, it was true, who, if the fire kept on, might suffer from its ravages somewhat—but, what, if the time had come when the heart of the girl was to ascend to a high place among the mountains, and was not to be hindered? It was certainly by no act of her own will that she ascended, and by no action of her will, probably, could she have hindered herself from ascending.

The wind continuing to blow in the same direction steadily, hour after hour, by noon next day the neighbors began to assemble at the tavern, their rallying place in unusual emergencies; and by afternoon it was thought advisable to send out men to ascertain the advance the fire was making. All the next day



the sound of axes might have been heard in the woods near by, till a wide space had been cleared. This road, it was thought, the fire would not easily pass. And, had not the flames so exalted themselves, the protection would have sufficed, but the air was filled with brands tossed from the burning; and the waving topmost boughs caught the red tokens, as in the frolic of madness, till the woodmen leaned on their axes exhausted and despairing; and some of them besought the Invisible Powers that the elements might no longer be permitted to baffle them.

Little suspicion had he of the fact, but the innkeeper's day had come. From loitering about and directing others in his usual fashion, he found himself, almost for the first time in his life, working with frantic energy. During a long life he had proved that very few things in the way of labor ever "paid," but now he did not hesitate to risk life for his house and home!

Three days of hard work, and of harder drinking, opened the door to death, and though he had the satisfaction of lying down under what was left of his roof, and of breathing his last on his own bed, still, if the choice of life or of property had been offered him in that exigence, Bishop would have chosen to hear his neighbors in the bar-room below discussing his chances.

A month had scarcely elapsed since the evening the young timber-buyers came to the house, when he lay in the wing of the tavern, the only portion saved from the fire—and he was dying. It was said by true prophets that he would not be able to live the night through.

Delphy was with her father, and Phil, his only son and unquestionable representative, and the heart of the old man softened, looking on these two who had borne the burden of a dreary day.

The wind was blowing now from the south-west, and the air, relieved of its suffocating load, was sweet and fresh and balmy again. The little birds might sing and relieve the awful stillness.

Delphy sat beside her father, unmindful now though many should come and go. Such fare as the transient passenger might need was prepared by Martha. Never again would the ear of the traveler hear the innkeeper's loud, proud shout for Delphy; or behold the quick responding vision of a girl, who seemed more likely to have dropped from the skies than to come up into being from that house of Bishop's.

Yet there did come, as the twilight deepened, what

proved to be an authoritative call for Delphy. Since sunset a traveler had been making his way steadily toward the inn which he had seen afar off—for it was now as a city set upon a hill in the midst of desolation—and on his face had been deepening an expression of determination that said much more than that he was a hungry man hasting towards refreshment and shelter for the night.

He had not walked on in this steady, resolute manner from the moment when he parted with Lewis; he had sometimes lingered; sometimes he had looked back; but, from the instant when he began to under-

heard upon the stairs, and Tiffany stood in the doorway of the inn.

"For God's sake what does this mean!" said he.

"I've saved the old oak for you, Tif!" said the innkeeper, and he had not spoken so many words before all day. "You ought to have been here to fight the fire; you said you would like to see one in the woods."

"I've seen enough!" said the young man. "I've been creeping along between two fires these three days, just to get back to you."

"Delph, do you hear? Supper for the young gentleman!"

"Stay where you are," said Tiffany. "I don't want supper. I came back to see you all together, and to tell you something. Do any of you know me? Don't you, Phil? Didn't you guess after I was gone? Delphy, didn't you?"

"Oh, Bob!" exclaimed Delphy, and it was as if a drowning person should cease to cling to his spar, and trust himself, in the uttermost extremity, to the great deep itself. All that was in her voice.

"Bob Wake-man—let me look at you!—give me a little light," said the old innkeeper, slowly, and he opened his eyes wide, but the dimness which mortal will cannot control had fallen on them. He groped for Bob's hands; he could think and speak yet, but the sight which his eyes desired they would never again see.

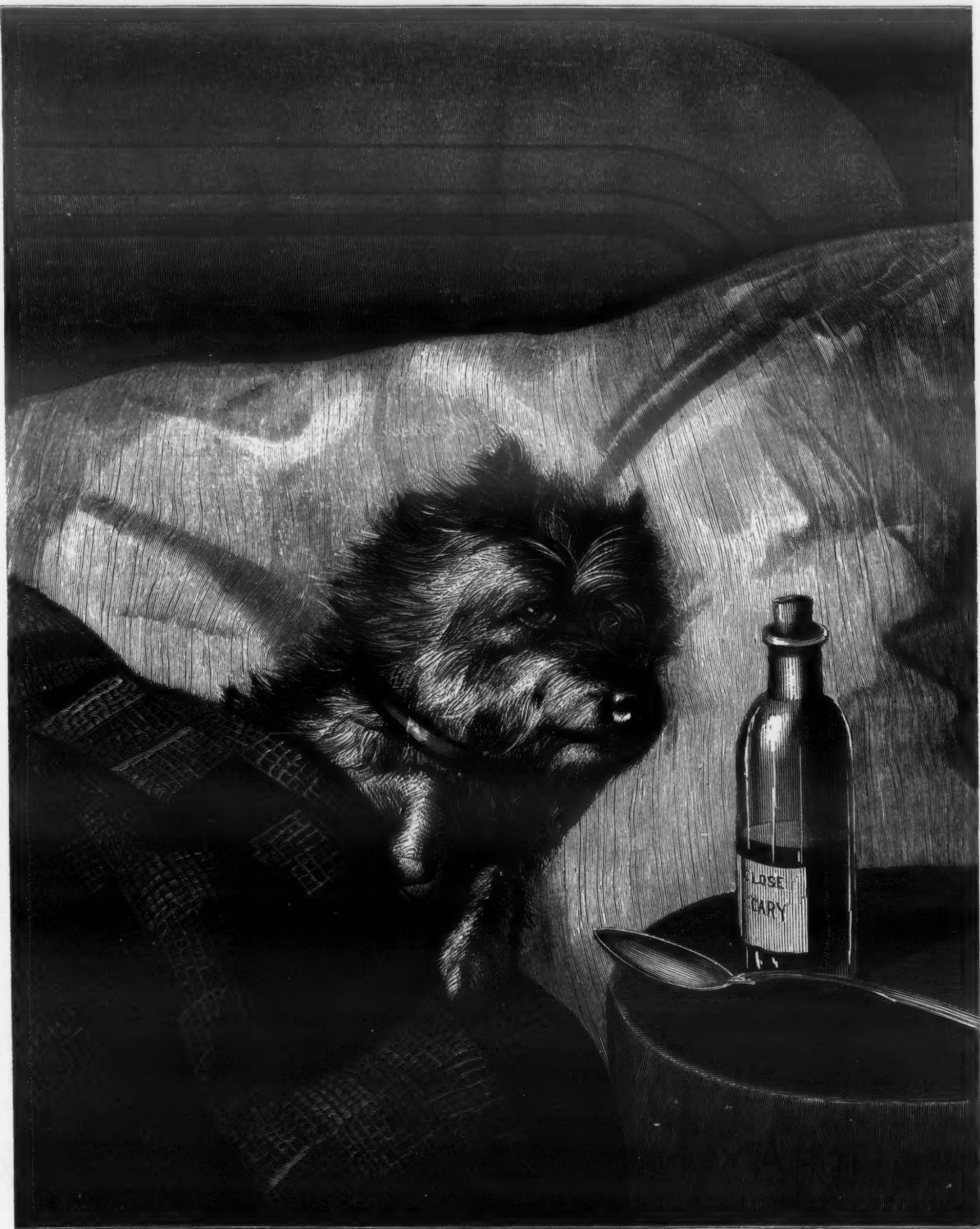
"I knew you'd come back—I always expected you—I wanted you," he said. "You come just in time. Hark! I hear the stage-horn. Yes, sir, there's something for you to look after, Bob, right here. Bless you! I kept a looking."

"It is what I

came back for, Captain," was the low-voiced answer. That was the last sound that fell upon Bishop's ears. Between the living and the dead the young man stood, making death less terrible, and filling life with heaven's own peace.

You may see the Bishop's Oak still flourishing on its corner, in a green old age, but no sign remains on the face of the earth, of the old inn. There are two, however, who recall—who never can forget—a dark day and a bitter parting beneath that tree; when the boy went out into the world to seek his fortune, and the girl stayed home to drudge; and the transcendent hour, when a man and woman, standing within its shadows, looked forward on a path not broad and smooth, yet strangely inviting, because—wide enough for both.

—Caroline Cheesbro'.



PLAYING SICK.—A. H. THAYER.

stand that the fire had extended towards Stag-head Inn, he knew that he was on the right path; that wisdom was directing his steps—he would have a welcome, and he would deserve it; and—he would be glad to see its signs!

While she sat by that bedside watching the stupor which she supposed was sleep, and thinking painful thoughts which would have tearful witness only in solitude, Delphy heard the voice of Tiffany below, asking for the innkeeper.

She could not be mistaken—all the doors stood open—the house was perfectly still; at the sound, she stood up, and the old man opened his eyes. "The boys are back," he said with a smile; "they may as well make their bargain." Then, as if in some sort of answer to these whispered words, light steps were



## ABOUT DOGS.

AS M. JOURDAIN found that he had been speaking prose all his life without knowing it, I find that I have learned a good deal about dogs. I have had dogs of my own, in my younger years, as what lad who has lived in the country has not? but at present I am not the happy possessor of one. They are not convenient to keep in the city, is the verdict of my landlady, who, by the way, insists on keeping a cur to which she is attached; and as I have no country seat, out of Spain, I respect her prejudices. I don't think much myself of your city dogs. They are either the kind that ladies love to pet, and consequently are effeminate, or they are the kind that own no man for a master, and are consequently barbaric. The dog I like—the real Dog—occupies a middle ground between these extremes. He is gentle, and he is brave—a simple, honest brute, whom it is no praise to call human. His breed never troubles me, though I confess to a weakness in favor of the Newfoundland, probably because he is, what I am not—a good swimmer. I like a fine terrier, also. I should like an Italian greyhound, I think, if I could ever see one in the flesh; as it is, the average dog of this species is too shadowy for my taste—too much like the spectral dog we read about in ghostly stories.

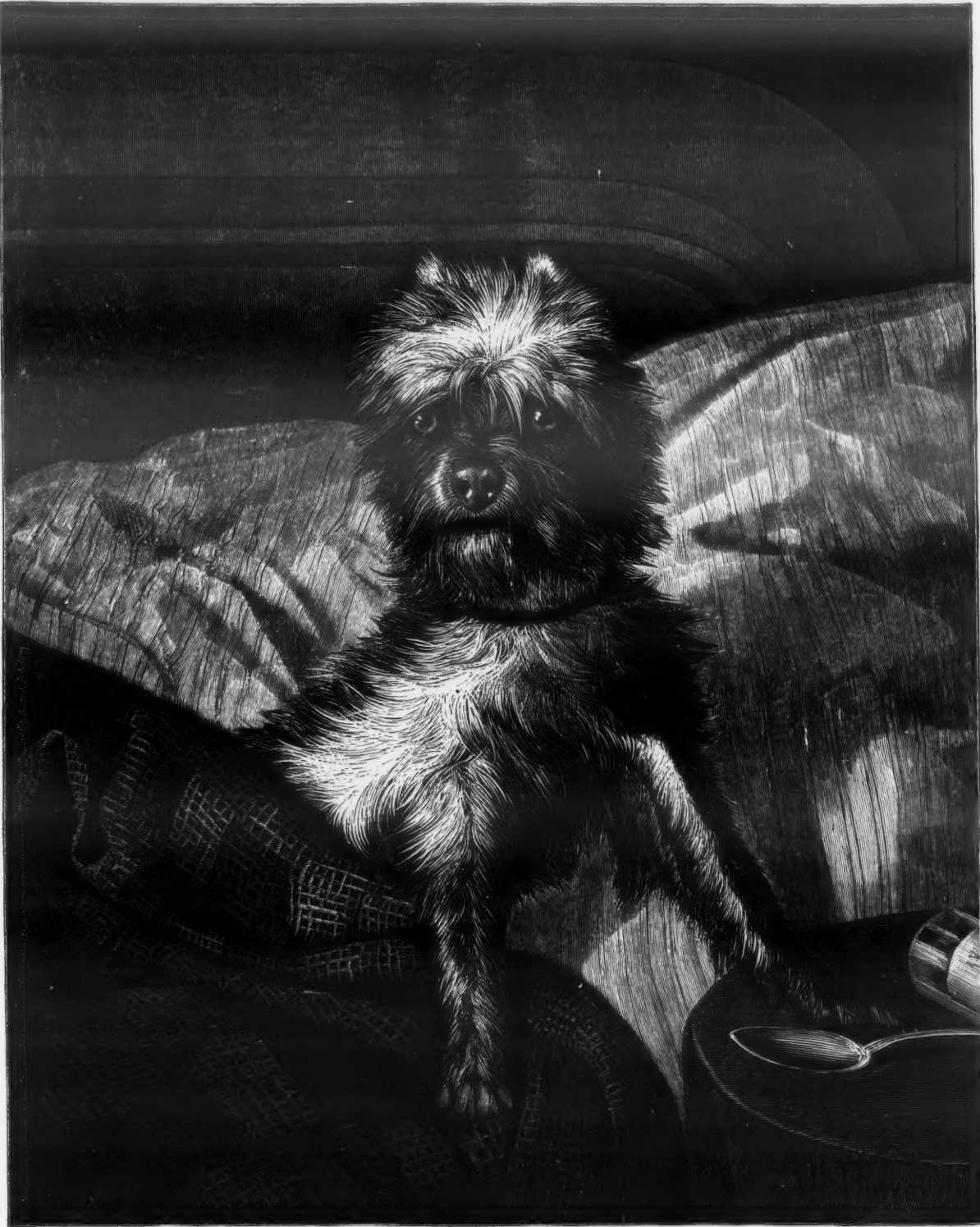
The next best thing to owning dogs (which is not practicable in my case, as I have stated) is to read about them, as I do daily. If I had kept all my dog books I should by this time have had a canine library, as large, let us say, as Kenilworth; but I have loaned most of them to friends, who have either not returned them, or have returned them in such a dog-eared condition that my junior namesake has seized and "marked them for his own." I think I know something about the Origin of Man, but the Origin of the Dog baffles me. Here is what one of my books has to say about it: "There is some doubt as to what was the parent-stock of this friend of man, for there are no traces of it to be found in a primitive state of nature, and many suppose the breed to be derived from either the wolf, or the familiarized jackal. The shepherd's dog, a variety of which was probably one of the first that civilized and settled man called in aid to preserve his flocks from beasts and birds of prey, and the dep-

redations of roaming human tribes, is remarkable for the capacity of its cranium, or brain, and its great sagacity. It is distinguished by development even above the spaniels and their varieties, and the hounds, which comprise the most useful and intelligent dogs. In the bulldog and mastiff, though the head is one-third larger than those of the shepherd's dog and spaniel, the cranial capacity is not by any means so great. The New Holland or Australian dog is so wolf-like in its appearance, that it is sometimes called the 'New South Wales Wolf.' Its height, when standing erect, is rather less than two feet, and

and if wolves ever changed into dogs it was so long ago that the dogs have forgotten all about it. I will take heart, for as my book reminds me, "the dog is the *only* animal that has followed man all over the earth." And Cuvier says that "the whole species is become our property; each individual is entirely devoted to his master, adopts his manners, distinguishes and defends his property, and remains attached to him even unto death; and all this springs not from mere necessity, nor from restraint, but simply from a true friendship."

If I had my dog books within reach I could easily

make out a list of famous men who have loved dogs. As a rule the poets have cherished them. I dare say Shakespeare had a favorite dog that used to welcome him when he ran down to Stratford at the end of a successful season at the Globe. I don't know about Milton—when he had his sight, at least—but I feel sure that Dryden had a spaniel he was attached to. Of course the wits of Charles the Second's court shared the canine taste of their Sovereign, who is said to have never trusted a man whom his dogs disliked. Pope was probably too effeminate to be a dog-fancier, but Gay must have liked dogs, in his easy, good-natured way, and Thompson, too, if we credit his "Seasons." The poets of Queen Anne's time were not a very robust race, but they gave place to men of whom we are proud. Burns had a favorite dog who was called Luath, after one of the Ossianic heroes, I believe, and it was partly to commemorate his loss that he wrote his poem "The Two



WHO SAID RATS?—A. H. THAYER.

length, two feet and a half. The head is formed much like that of a fox, the ears short and erect, with whiskers from one to two inches in length on the muzzle, so that it appears much more like a wolf than a dog. No fossil remains of the dog, properly so called, have ever been found. The bones of the wolf and the fox occur in ossiferous caverns, but it is difficult to distinguish the bones of the wolf from those of the shepherd's dog." That the noble animal who trots so peacefully at my side was once a wolf is not an agreeable reflection. What if he should some day remember his origin, and turn upon me? What if the hand he is licking should be suddenly crushed in his iron jaws? I must keep my eyes about me, especially in hot weather. I don't know, though: I have never heard of dogs changing into wolves,

Dogs." Byron had a Newfoundland, named Boatswain, whose monument is still to be seen in the garden at Newstead. Scott was notorious for his love of dogs. I have several portraits of him, taken at different periods of his life, in which they figure conspicuously. There is one, I think, in the Raeburn portrait; and I am sure there is one in the picture painted by Wilkie, wherein Scott and his family are drawn as plain country folk, the poet appearing like a farmer and one of his daughters as a milkmaid.

The dogs of Landseer and Ansdell are famous the world over. Of our American painters, Darley, Tait, and Beard are, perhaps, the best delineators of dog nature, and of the younger grade, our friend Thayer is beginning to attract a good deal of notice.

—Henry Richards



## SUMMER FALLACIES.

ALREADY there is a brown tinge overspreading the city trees, and, although the autumnal tints have not yet lit up the foliage with their fires, sunburnt people of fashion are to be observed once more in their places on the long-deserted promenades. They come away from their summer haunts, these people of ease and indolence, just at the time when Nature is at her loveliest in the rural districts. Fashion rules that, so soon as the rural air begins to feel comfortably cool, and the rural landscape to assume its loveliest aspect, air and landscape, alike, have become vulgar. You cannot outstay the last mosquito of the summer sea-beach without losing caste. To witness the fall of the leaf by country woodlands and in the hollow lanes of provincial purlieus, is to confess yourself an outcast from Society. Men have done it, and, perhaps, a few women; but seasons have gone by ere the thing blew over, and it was long before they were once more admitted to their forfeited positions in the "German," and on the promenades.

In moments of confidence some of these sunburnt people of fashion, who have just returned from their annual broil in country boarding-houses, will admit that they might, for some reasons, have better stayed at home. They have not been leading very regular lives in those crowded caravansaries by the sea. The food, say they, has been of inferior quality, and the cookery execrable. Bile has marked them for its own, and from the patient's bile to the doctor's bill is by a flight of steps anything but gratifying in its transit. Except in the case of children, who cannot dissipate, and, therefore, really do benefit by a sojourn at the seashore or on the hills, city physicians make a good thing out of debilitated tourists who have been gormandizing at summer hotels for their health. Perhaps that is why physicians recommend summer hotels. Do not take the tanned faces of the returning tourists as infallible evidences of health. Sternly impartial is the sun, embrowning the dyspeptic and the buxom alike; and the sea-breeze that can deftly stipple the faces of beauty and fashion with freckles, is often powerless to waft away the incubus that broods over the seeker after health.

It is at nightfall, when darkness lowers upon the sounding sea, or wraps mountain and forest in a mantle of gloom, that the sojourners in huge, straggling, country boarding-houses most fervently wish themselves back in their snug city parlors again. Without dissipation it is next to impossible to "get through" an evening in a country boarding-house smoothly, and with comfort either to body or mind. There is no gas; and if there are candles—which is not always the case—these relics of a past barbarism are quickly reduced to rolls of tallow by the drafts of air that jostle each other languidly in the corridors and verandas of the dreary, windy, sandy concern. The allowance of mosquitoes to the human face and hands averages about ten to the square inch. Of black flies—those minute, insidious wretches that seem to sink into the epidermis like crabs into the sand—no average can be struck, since the frenzy caused by them puts calculation out of the question. There are several other varieties of flies peculiar to summer resorts, all of them entirely rural and unknown to the city; all of them given to rioting in human blood, and none of them brought up in the fear either of carbolic acid, or of any of the infallible insect-destroyers palmed off upon a credulous public by unprincipled quacks.

The drowse of sleepers in the salt, pinguid air of seaside resorts is of a peculiarly heavy character, and far inferior in quality to the light, intermittent naps that one gets in dry city rooms and well-appointed city beds. In mountain air the sleep is better; but whether by sea-beach or on mountain-top, the sleep of the summer sojourner is ever marked by one peculiarity to which, so far as my experience goes, there is no exception—he dreams of the city. The town stands visioned out before him, whether he takes his winks on the veranda, in a hard wooden chair, or lies limply, a heap saturated with salt air and sand, upon his bed in the chamber of ten windows and no door. Just as he has brought his city habits with him to his rural elysium, so there cleave to him in dreams all his city occupations, amusements, and resorts. In wild imagination he walks the shady side of Fifth Avenue, or indulges with some chosen friends, at Delmonico's, in an intellectual dinner, composed of trust-worthy town victuals untainted with marsh malaria, and prepared with a hygienic skill unknown to the kitcheners of summer-houses

by the sea. A city man described to me the delights of a dream experienced by him, once, while staying at a country place. He distinctly heard in his sleep the nocturnal sounds by which night in the city is relieved of the monotony that usually distinguishes it in country parts. The ring of the policeman's baton on the sidewalk fell upon his tickled ear; and he used to aver that he even heard shots from revolvers, which, to use his own quaint expression, "took him where he lived." As morning dawned, however, the spell was rudely broken. He awoke, as he supposed, to the familiar music of a city junk-dealer's strap of bells; but, alas! the delusion was brief; for, on being fully aroused to consciousness, he became aware that of junk-dealers there were none, but that the music of the cow-bells from the marshes had alone fallen upon his ear. And the stately matrons and gay young damsels who give life and color to the watering-places, they, too, have sweet visions of the city in their dreams. Milliners and dressmakers pass before them in processions that suggest *parterres* of flowers filing out of town for a pic-nic. They inspect imaginary switches and coils, and trays of diamonds are flashed before their eyes by pages clothed in the family liveries of gorgeous European counts. And I am informed, on the authority of more than one fair bather, that a common nightmare, or dream of horror, with them is to fancy that they have suddenly awakened up from a somnambulistic trance, to find themselves promenading amid the fashionable groups of Fifth Avenue, arrayed in their bathing dresses, and all dripping and limp with salt water and sea-weed, as though fresh from their evolutions in the surf.

Centralization, which may be called the magnetism of great cities, has stripped country resorts of many charms that belonged to them in former days. The rural districts, except those at a vast distance from the city, and remote from lines of railway, are but poorly supplied, now, with such country produce as once rendered them a land of promise for overworked city people and jaded invalids. You see herds of sleek cows standing up to their knees in rank pasture grass, but if you call at a farm house for a cup of milk, it is ten to one but you are told that they have none to spare. You hear the whiz and clatter of a distant railway train nearly a quarter of a mile long, that goes flying on its way, and you are told that it is a milk-train, carrying all the cow produce of three counties to the city so far away. Like Virgil's bees, so the strawberry-gatherers out here taste not the fruits of their own industry, unless perchance by stealth. City restaurants and saloons are the only places where one is certain to be furnished with these succulent fruits, and all the other berries in their seasons. Indeed, in the city one can obtain, if so disposed, all kinds of fruits and vegetables, whether in season, or out. Enterprising gardeners in the suburbs raise them artificially under glass, and the process of preserving in sealed cans has arrived at such perfection, that city people can now enjoy at Christmas the fruits and vegetables that not many years ago were only procurable in summer.

And is the city, after all, such a dreadful place to summer in, or, as some will have it, to simmer in? In many respects the city is more endurable in summer than the country. Except near the snow line of the highest mountains, or at some rare seaside resorts, curious for their caverned rocks, the country offers no such resources for securing perfect coolness during the summer heats, as does the city. The German residents of New York know how to manage this, and they have reduced ventilation to a science. You do not catch the burly Teuton stampeding away to watering places with his wife and children as soon as ever the large blue-bottle fly becomes a supervisor of the fish markets and butchers' stalls. He will arrange afternoon pic-nics, it is true, once in a while, and make half a day of it with his family in some suburban grove convenient to a choice brewage of lager beer. Or he will take a day's run down to the Fishing Banks, or to Coney Island, only too glad to get back from there to his beloved *garten wirthschaft* in the Bowery, or some of its tributary streets. Few country gardens are so pleasant to sit in, whether at high noon or when the fireflies are dancing in the gloom, as are these city conservatories in which the Germans bloom throughout the year, like peonies raised from the best malt and hops. The glass roofs are so constructed as to shield them from the sun, without excluding the currents of air from without. There is generally a fountain playing amid some aquatic plants upon a mossy bed, with gold-fishes, and tortoises, and shells, to give movement and va-

riety to the arrangement. It is true that the real foliage—a vine, or a few spruce-trees in boxes—is scanty, compared with that of the country, but then there are fewer noxious insects fostered by it; and the mural paintings with which some of these places are decorated are of a very creditable character, fully satisfying the reasonable mind with their variety of woodland, water, and rock.

That the song of birds is a charming feature of the country in summer it would not be candid to deny. The bob-o-link and the red-backed thrush, the robin, the cat-bird and the song-sparrow are all admirable performers in their respective styles; but, in rural retreats, the music of these little fowls is liable to be vitiated by such sounds as the croaking of frogs and ravens, the grunting of pigs, the stridulous pipings of whistlers at the plow, or the shrieks of cart-wheels calling for grease that never comes to their call. In a large city all kinds of detached sounds become blended into one continuous drone, which, so far from being unpleasant, forms an agreeable accompaniment to the music of the cage-birds which it is now so much the fashion to maintain. Then, the songs of birds are more appreciable in the city than in the country. And, besides, one is sure of them in the city, while in most approachable country places, as is well known, all the varieties of small birds charming for their plumage and voices have become so rare that they may almost be said to be extinct. I am acquainted with families who regularly take their mocking-birds and canaries with them, when they repair to their summer haunts, up the Hudson, or down in the New Jersey pastures. It is the fashion to say that we owe a great deal to the Germans, who have done so much to civilize us with their music and malt beverage; and to them let all credit be given for that. But at the door of the German gunner lies the death of the song-birds that once helped to make the country endurable in the summer solstice. To the German gunner all birds are of the pie kind. 'Tis his love of music, perhaps, that impels him to put song-birds into pasties and devour them. At any rate, he does it, and so the music of birds has ceased to be a feature of populous country resorts, while in the city one may yet enjoy the trills of feathered songsters brought from distant regions.

The lowing of cattle and the sounds proper to the barnyard are by some persons considered musical, and counted among the charms of country life. But, in truth, the effect produced by the voices of different creatures, all vociferating together, is only discord, after all. The roar of the bull cannot harmonize with the crow of the cock, nor is it possible to blend the grunting of pigs with the bleat of sheep and lambs. It is otherwise with the din of human voices in a city, where the blending of the various street cries produces a harmony that is peculiarly its own, and conveys a pleasant, drowsy feeling to the listener. The soprano cry of "strawberries!" on a warm June day, the baritone chant of "wash-tubs t'mend!" the singular ventriloquial gurgle of the mulatto chimney-sweeper, these and a hundred other utterances from the human larynx harmonize very pleasingly in a city street, to the accompaniment of the itinerant harpers and brass bands.

It is a fallacy common to summer tourists that the city must be very lonely for those who stay at home. A mistaken idea this. The absence of crowds, and the consequent increase of elbow-room, bring persons together who, in the bustling times of business but nod to one another in the street and pass. There is a common bond of sympathy among persons who remain in the city all the summer through; and it is at this season, therefore, that the clubs are at their pleasantest, reigned over as they are by oligarchies determined to put the best face upon things, and cherish in their hearts no envy of their associates who are away. The city is more than endurable in summer. It is pleasanter than at any other time.

—Charles Dawson Shanly.

HALLOWED GROUND.—Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses, whatever makes the past, the distant or the future predominate over the present, advances us to the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such rigid philosophy, as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery or virtue. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

—Dr. Johnson.



## THE HOUSE WITH THE HOLLYHOCKS.

OLD Roy Gilman was a man past middle age, undersized, with broad shoulders, over which fell his gray-white hair, in the fashion of old time wigs. His round, brown eyes were lambent, full of softest light. When in the room with Roy, they impressed you as do the eyes of a portrait; you never saw them turn, yet they always saw you. His features were large and mobile, his beard unkempt, his hands small, with long, nervous fingers. He never wore any watch, gloves, cravat—to be very definite—any collar, or wrist-bands. By reputation, Roy was pronounced a humbug; by profession, a spiritual medium. He lived in a large frame house, in a field skirted by pine woods. A house once red, now weather-faded, until its sides were blotched as with blood-stains half washed out. The blindless windows had a staring, wide-open look, like eyes vacant, yet not innocent of a mystery behind. In summer, a huge dog lay on the stone that served for a door-step; he was a homely beast, with yellow sides, blotched as if to match the house. In the rear, leading to the forest, was a narrow path, on its left a patch of sunflowers, luxuriant in growth, gorgeous with the sunshine of their great orange disks. On the right of these, covering far more ground, were hollyhocks, hollyhocks—no other kind of flowers, fruits, or vegetables grew on Roy Gilman's land.

He stood one noon out among the sunflowers, and called "Bess," three times, before Bess came. She was his daughter, seventeen years old; handsome in her face, shabby in her dress. In color, height, and vigor, not unlike the pink hollyhock at her side.

"Ah, here you are! Well, Bess, did Matt sleep last night?"

"No, I told you he would not; he never does, after such an evening."

"So you have often said, but could we expect he would? Mere flesh must necessarily suffer, in these exercises of his—"

"Nerves," put in Bess.

Roy let the word stand; and, picking out the black seeds of a sunflower with his supple fingers, continued: "The shake or shock of muscle is nothing, after all."

Bess muttered something, with the tongue of one whose hands are fettered, then said suddenly: "I am tired of bread and butter; bring us home some meat; Matt needs it?"

"No, he does not. Animal food dulls the brain power; Matt is just now in working order."

"Never mind, bring some home?"

"I cannot, Bess. An unbeliever comes with the circle to-night. Matt must electrify him; last night's sleeplessness only tunes him up to a higher key."

"Not to-night, again?"

Roy finished the sunflower, pushed his hat off his white forehead, then, remembering her question, answered: "Yes, to-night; yes—yes."

"I want some money," said Bess.

Roy turned his pockets slowly out, and gave her all they contained, which was little enough. She picked up her straw hat from the ground, and lingered, waiting uneasily. Roy, looking at her as she stood in the sunshine, said: "How strong you are—all body, nothing else."

She seemed pleased, either at his words, or because he turned toward his "study," a room aloft in the old house.

At the door he looked back.

"You ought to be with us to-night. For years I have striven to communicate with some very ancient spirit, always without success. Early this morning Nabopolassar of Chaldea was with me until day-break. He is a lordly spirit, but he complains bitterly of Jehoiakim of Judah, whom he took to Babylon a captive in chains; now Jehoiakim holds some stern dominion over the old king. When Nabopolassar bade me good morning, I heard the clank of a heavy chain on my threshold. I wish you could have heard us talk in his rare old language; for as usual, by night, I had the gift of tongues—"

"And understood all mysteries," put in Bess flippantly.

"I will tell you of our interview hereafter," said Roy, going in at the door.

Bess sped down the path, leaving sunflowers and hollyhocks far behind her on her way to the nearest village. No one greeted her in its streets, or at the market, where she bought meat with her bits of silver.

Roy's kitchen was a large old room, with saffron-

colored plastering. The furniture was a stove like a band-box, a wooden table, a gigantic cupboard, and a trundle bed. Bess, with a little stir and bustle, pleasant in that place where spiders seemed the only workers—Bess cooked her meat over the wee stove, and then called: "Matt!"

"Coming, coming!" sung a shrill, sweet voice. The yellow dog pushed open the door, and ushered in the child-medium, Roy Gilman's "young apostle of spiritualism," a pale, rather pretty boy, who walked toward the meat.

"Eat it, every bit, and give Patch the bones," said Bess.

Roy never starved his children. He gave them as good as he ate himself; yet the little joint was a dainty to Matt. He obeyed Bess, and devoured every shred of meat, so that the bone dropped into Patch's expectant jaws.

"Now, Matt, father says the 'Circle' will be here again to-night; when are you going to feel well, if you don't sleep?"

Matt, watching the dog's disappointment, was suffering remorse, and did not answer.

"I will give you a drop or two of something that may make you sleep until night," said his sister, finding a vial of laudanum in the big cupboard.

As she gave Matt a little in a pewter spoon, he asked, before he tasted: "Will this make me see red women with monkeys' heads, churning queer churns like spinning tops? The last you gave me did. It was fun, but not very funny—churning on the ceiling, in the cupboard shelves, thicker and faster, until the liveliest one beat my head with the dasher."

"No; I gave you too much that time."

"The clock has stopped, hasn't it?"

Matt looked up at the old dial-plate, grimy with dust, its short hand broken in the middle; then he went to the open door.

"Bess, I wish everything would stop, as the clock does, until we wanted to set it going again; the bumble-bees on the hollyhocks, the grasshoppers, and the wind in the pine trees—the sun not go down, only have everything rest. When I tried to go to sleep on the ground this morning, and couldn't, I tore out grass by its roots to stop the noise of its growing. Don't it make your head ache to hear things grow, Bess?"

"It never does; there, lie down now."

Matt stretched himself on the trundle bed, and Patch slunk behind him next to the wall. Bess, watching, saw the boy's eyes droop until they closed fast; then she spent the long summer afternoon, as she had spent many before—empty-handed, yet weary of idleness—fretting at life, in aimless discontent. Where there was noise and bustle, merry, busy people, even tumult and confusion—would she were in such a place! Bess was vigorous in mind and body; she shuddered at Matt's fancy of nature all motionless: let her rather have an earthquake. She wanted to go out into the world, and would have gone, if there had been anyone to take care of Matt. She was often tempted to leave him, as things were then. She never thought of her father; he was only to her what he was to everyone—Roy Gilman, the "Spiritualist."

Once Bess hid a bundle of clothes under her shawl, put Matt's breakfast where he could find it, and went as far into the world as the corn field beyond the hollyhocks. She looked back, and saw Matt on the door stone, bent over an old yellow-covered book. Like the clear knell and mournful tone of a bell, rang out his voice:

"He is dead and gone, lady,  
He is dead and gone;  
At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone."

She listened, wavered. Patch, racing over the stubble, bit at her gown, until Bess fancied his meek eyes glared at her, seeing her guilt in her face. She followed the brute home penitent, and romped long and merrily with Matt; for the child was volatile, as if "made of spirit, fire, and dew."

Evening came, and the circle with it, as Roy had said it would. Bess aroused Matt at her father's command, and sat down on the foot of the bed, from whence the boy reluctantly crept. She saw shadows glide past the window, heard footsteps in the empty halls and on the creaking stairs; then came a dead silence in the darkness, broken at last by a cricket lost in the cupboard. Familiarity with so much that was weird, if not uncanny, had bred in Bess indifference. After a while, noises as of heavy falling weights shook the bed under her. She heard sounds

like the sighing and the whistling of winds—faint strains of music, a reverberation, as of a strong hand dashed upon the keys of an organ. A sickly green light flared in from a door left open, falling out while Bess watched it with eyes void of wonder. Perhaps she fancied the old house alive with phantoms, and cared not a whit so they left her in peace; perhaps she knew just where and what was, a "something rotten in the state of Denmark;" either way she was undisturbed. When the evening was well nigh spent, she remembered the stranger, of whom Roy had spoken, and rose up eager and curious to see him; very little things were interesting in Bess's life. Feeling her way toward Roy's room, she framed herself in the door—a picture with rose-red cheeks and loose bright hair; more beautiful by contrast with the colorless group within. Only one of the company was a stranger, a German with a genial face. Roy sat in the centre of the room with Matt on his knee, while an unusual war of words raged around him. Obedient to Roy's behest, Nabopolassar was present; but alas for brethren who would fain have dwelt together in unity, Jehoiakim "came also;" forthwith these two unmannerly spirits stirred up a lively fight, in regard to an annual tribute which the uninvited Jehoiakim had promised to pay Nabopolassar over two thousand years ago. The latter, determined to prove that the former lied, was referring to records in the reign of his successor, Nebuchadnezzar, and growing prolix beyond endurance. In the direst discord, Roy's hand fell on Matt's, and their eyes met. A sweet singing spirit seemed to enter into the boy, or a memory of his old ballad book, and the listeners fancied Oberon's chant, an inspiration, as Matt sang:

"Through this house give glimmering light—  
By the dead and drowsy fire:  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this ditty after me,  
Sing and dance it trippingly.  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place."

Then Matt wrote, his slender fingers impelled by—what? The large, dark eyes above him, Bess always thought. He ceased, when Daniel Webster moved a weak-voiced woman to eloquence; one who in turn gave way to Doctor Johnson. The old man's shade was snubbed as Samuel never in life had been, for his one poor gift was continuity. Matt, wearied by the evening's programme, rose up and crossed toward Bess, who saw him stop and waver.

"Take him to the air, Bess," said Roy, as usual, seeing everything.

She was leading him down the stairs, when the German coming behind took him in his sturdy arms, and carried him to the grass beyond the door. Patch trotted anxiously into the field of action, while Bess stood still, and let the German rub Matt's hands in his. This was nothing new to her.

"Thou, poor child! It gives me pity to see thee!"

"He will be well soon," said Bess. "You are better now, Matt, are you not?"

Matt said yes; and, to rid his face of the dog's cold nose, crawled up and sat on the door stone.

"Ach! little one, I have also *ein Bruderlein* over the sea; he comes to me as I see you."

Bess smiled, more pleased, though, at the fancy of a place far distant, than at the kindly voice.

"Fraulein, I have to go now, but the father asks me to his house again."

She nodded, and the German went down the lane of hollyhocks toward the pine woods.

Bess laughed in her sleep that night, dreaming of a Dutch angel who came to ask board of Roy.

Rudolph, "my Rudolph," as Matt soon named him, never came to ask board, but when his visits became so frequent it would have saved him many journeys had he done so. Patch, after a few lazy winks of surprise, wagged approval, and accepted him as a daily visitor. He had a man's understanding and a child's heart. It seemed to Bess, that the very mold and cobwebs of the dismal house were stirred with a new, vigorous atmosphere from the world without; while the interest Rudolph showed in her was as novel as it was kindly. To sensitive Matt the German embodied an idea of home, cheer, and comfort.

One purple-misted October day, the brother, the sister, and the friend were wandering in the pine forest. Rudolph was telling of all holidays in his fatherland, bright, sweet days, full of loving memories—days dropped out of Paradise for the very young, the very poor, the very old. His enthusiasm



grew upon him, his well-trained tongue forgot its English cunning, and with gloriously ungrammatical eloquence he eulogized his Deutschland. Bess followed him off the path among the fallen russet leaves, homesick for another's home. Matt fell out by the way. He curled up at the roots of an oak, in the sunshine, and put himself to planning a holiday frolic, to be held in that ugly old house, whose broken chimneys now marred the beauty of a white cloud.

Before Bess missed her brother, Rudolph told her he loved her, and must take her back to Germany with him, if she would agree to be his wife.

But Matt?

Matt must go with them.

That night Bess pleaded for hours with Roy, not for her own liberty, but for Matt's. He was as mild, as unruffled as ever, but his *no* at midnight was as firmly given as his *no* at sunset. Next morning Matt found her in the door-way, lost in thought. She drew him toward her, saying: "How tall you are! almost up to my shoulder. You are not a *child* any longer, Matt. What, if I should *die*, or—or have to go away from you and, and work?"

"When you go, Bess, I shall go too."

"Where?"

"Oh—

'At his head a grass-green turf,  
At his heels a stone,'"

warbled Matt, pirouetting on the tips of his ragged shoes, and frolicking with the tallest sunflower.

All day, when Bess pictured herself in Rudolph's home, she saw, plainer than cottage and linden trees, a wide ocean, and the boy's song made real. Nevertheless, she almost hoped her lover would come, saying: "Matt will soon be a man; do you love him better than you love me? I need you as much as he does."

Rudolph said instead: "*Meine Geliebte!* It is so cruel! But I can wait for thee, and Matt—*Ach Himmel!* Do thou what seems best."

Matt told the plans he had made on that day of days for Bess; and Rudolph said he should have a German Christmas, which should be also his own farewell visit. So the days went by, until the night came when, in the old blackened kitchen, there was a transformation scene, bowers of green, autumnal leaves and holly. Rudolph excavated a choked-up fire-place, and the first fire of years rioted there, glorifying ribbons, roses, and tapers. Patch, in a new brass collar, viewed all boldly, as became the dog of a Spiritualist; but his mouth watered at the banquet spread

for three. Roy was alone in his retreat, absolutely alone, for was it not "that season" when the

"Bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad."

Rudolph played his flute, Bess sang over the coffee she was making, and Matt seemed in a trance more blissful than any of his past experience. When Bess was far enough away, he whispered to Rudolph: "I wish I had one most beautiful gift to give to her."

"I have it for thee, Matt. Do thou take this, and, in the morning early, say: 'Best of sisters! this is Matt's gift, with Matt's love and choicest blessing.'"

night—no, it is not *that*, sister—it is now morning, though we don't see it yet."

Matt's wide open shining eyes watched for a long time the sparks in the fire-place, and the shadow of the evergreens; then the flames grew low, crept where they had leaped, and vanished. Matt arose and rolled on the embers a heavy log—so heavy it must have been, he thought, as he crept in again by Patch; its weight tired him as no weight ever had before. He tossed and tumbled about after that, and Patch sighed and whined at his uneasy bed-fellow; but by and by both were still in the arms of sleep.

At day break, through the old haunted house, there echoed a dog's howl, so long, so loud, so horribly mournful, that the sleepers heard it for years after. They rushed into the dimly-lighted kitchen to find the fire smoldering, the tapers out, and Matt—dead!

—A. L. Noble.

LITTLE EMILY.  
—Whatever we say of Dickens, compared with other novelists of the time, we cannot deny, if we would, that he has created more characters than any writer since Shakespeare. We may state of many of these characters that they are not true to nature, but, true or false, they have taken their place in Literature, and we shall not live long enough to see them displaced. What Dickens paints best are men of humor, or men with humors, to adopt the classification of Ben Jonson; what he fails most in is woman. His women, especially his ladies, are failures. Lady Dedlock and Edith Dombey are melodramatic monstrosities, that never did, and never could exist. He succeeds better, we think,



LITTLE EMILY.—JOHN S. DAVIS.

The German dropped into the child's palm a ring with "*Pflicht ist Freiheit*" engraven in letters of gold.

"What does it mean?"

"Duty is liberty."

"How lovely," whispered the boy, slipping it on his finger, and holding it up toward the fire light—the light that shone through his small hand like sunshine through a rose leaf. Oh, that was one long night of joy to Matt. He sang every gleeful ballad he knew. Even when he acknowledged that he was "dead tired," he would not let Rudolph go until he could say, instead of good night, a "merry Christmas to you." Then laughing, yet weary from pleasure, and still arbitrary, he said: "Come to bed, Patch; go, Bess; but you must let my fire and tapers burn; I am going to lie awake, so I can watch them. Good

when he attempts to paint girls, though his most admired specimens of girlhood still leave something to be desired. Little Nell, for instance, is mawkish and unreal. Little Emily is better. We are not sure that we do not prefer her to any of Dickens's child-women. We are drawn to her as to a delicate garden lily growing by chance in a field of wild flowers. We feel that she is out of place in the old boat-home of Peggotty, and that she will be equally out of place in any home that Ham may be able to make for her. That Copperfield should imagine that he loved her is not to be wondered at; nor that she should imagine she loved Steerforth. The pathos which attaches to her is genuine, and it is heightened by the devotion of poor Peggotty, who is as true a gentleman as Colonel Newcome himself.





WOOD OR SUMMER DUCKS.—GILBERT BURLING.



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## CROWN DIAMONDS AND OTHER GEMS.

THE infrangibility of the diamond has often been commented upon by various authors, some of whom gravely assert that it is quite possible, by placing a diamond upon an anvil, and then striking it with a sledge hammer, to force the diamond into the anvil without sustaining any injury. Anselm de Boot, who wrote (1609) a work entitled "*De Gemmis et Lapidibus*," says that he knew a physician who boasted that he could stick a diamond on the end of a needle, or divide it into fine scales, without the help of any instruments. Dr. Wollaston again hit on the secret, and purchased large diamonds full of flaws at a low price, dividing them into smaller crystals, of better water and more perfect shape.

The Rev. Charles King, of Trinity College, Cambridge, one of the best modern authorities on ancient and modern gems, gives the following exposition of this secret in his "*Natural History of Precious Stones*:" "This gem being composed of infinitely thin layers deposited over each other, in a direction parallel to the faces of the primitive crystal, it can easily be split by a blow of a knife, given in the direction of these laminae." Though the ancients did not engrave the diamond, at least so far as we know, no antique engraved diamond being possessed by any museum, or known collector, yet it is very certain that they used a diamond-pointed tool to sculpture out the features, hair, and other parts demanding fine work on those specimens of antique glyptic work which have come down to our time. The well-known head of Medusa, formerly in the Strozzi Collection, now in the Cabinet of Gems in the British Museum, may be quoted as an example of this work, each individual hair terminating in a serpent's head, all being finished with the greatest care and accuracy, the intaglio, an amethyst, being scarcely an inch in length or breadth.

To Louis de Berghen, a native of Bruges, must be given the credit of first having discovered, in the fifteenth century, the art of diamond cutting. The "*Biographie Universelle*" tells us that he noticed that two diamonds rubbed together would bite; this enabled him to try the effect of the facet on two unwrought stones, which he worked with great success. He next essayed his skill on a large diamond intrusted to him by Charles the Bold, and with so much success, that Charles awarded him a donation of 3,000 ducats. Many writers affirm this diamond to have been the Sancy—a statement hard to verify, and only to be taken *cum grano salis*. Monsieur de Laborde, a French author of distinction in these matters, tries in vain, in his "*Glossaire*," to give the credit of the discovery to his own countrymen, stating that *tailleurs de diamants* existed in Paris as early as 1407. These artisans, however, were only polishers, not cutters, the honor of the invention still remaining to Louis de Berghen.

We shall now endeavor to give some account of diamonds universally celebrated on account of either size, color, or beauty. The first gem to which we would call the attention of the reader is known as the "Grand Mogul," and weighed, when the property of Shah Jehan, 787½ carats. A Venetian named Borghis, cut this stone, reducing the weight to 230 carats, making it a gem of the purest water, with but one small flaw. The Mogul, instead of rewarding Borghis, mulcted him in the sum of 10,000 rupees (circa \$4,000), not considering the additional lustre any compensation for the loss in size. Tavernier, in his "*Voyages*," hints that Borghis could have produced the same effect with less loss had he known his art. This traveler gives an amusing description of the formalities which he underwent previous to seeing this famous diamond. The plates which accompany his volumes have accurate representations of the Grand Mogul and other diamonds seen by him. The Koh-i-noor and Grand Mogul have often been described erroneously as one and the same gem. The difference in weight and size is, however, a sufficiently strong argument against such a statement. Barbot asserts that the Grand Mogul now forms part of the Persian regalia under the name of Deryai-noor (Ocean of Light). The Koh-i-noor (Mountain of Light), the property of the British crown, weighed, when first discovered, 186 carats. The diamond-cutters, imported specially from Holland, diminished its size to 132½ carats at a cost of about \$40,000. Mr. King considers this gem to be a badly shaped, shallow brilliant of inferior water. Sir David Brewster, a well-known and honored Scotch savant, compared the diamond in her Majesty's possession with that

engraved by Tavernier, in the work mentioned above as the Koh-i-noor, and came to the conclusion that they did not correspond. This startling fact he proved by endeavoring to reconstruct the original upon the diamond under consideration, but found it a matter of impossibility. The English crown diamond must, therefore, either be a gem hitherto unknown to travelers, or, what is probable, Tavernier's measurements and description may be slightly inaccurate.

The French crown diamond, known as the "Regent," was found near the mines of Golconda, and brought over to Europe by Governor Pitt, who purchased it from a native dealer for the sum of \$62,000, its weight being 410 carats. During the five years that Governor Pitt possessed this gem, he was in constant dread of assassination; he never slept two nights under the same roof, or ever told beforehand where he intended staying. The Regent of France finally relieved him of his precious burden, paying over \$675,000 for this gem. It was cut down to its present weight, 137 carats, and is considered by connoisseurs to be, for brilliancy and water, the finest crown jewel in Europe. The Emperor Napoleon I. pledged this diamond to the Dutch, receiving a sum sufficient to enable him to carry out his plans for the reconstruction of France as an empire. The Regent and Sancy were both stolen from the Garde Mobile, during the revolution of 1792, the former being recovered by means of an anonymous letter, disclosing the place of its concealment, the robbers evidently dreading that the possession of so well-known a stone would expose them to suspicion.

The "Sancy," about which much has been written, but unfortunately without sufficient evidence to clear up its history, is supposed to be the diamond purchased by the Russian Prince Paul Demidoff for \$375,000. Many writers affirm the Sancy to be the diamond cut by Louis de Berghen for Charles the Bold; but, as we have before stated, the evidence adduced in popular treatises is not sufficiently clear to enable us to trace the pedigree of the stone. Catharine II, of Russia, "the greatest of all monarchs," according to Lord Byron, paid the sum of \$450,000 down, and an annuity of \$20,000, besides a patent of nobility, to the lucky possessor of the diamond now set in the sceptre of the Czars of Russia, known as the "Orloff." Its weight is 193 carats.

The value of a wrought diamond is estimated in England in the following manner: ascertain its weight in carats, multiply this by two, then multiply the product into itself, and lastly, multiply this latter sum by £2. Thus a wrought diamond, weighing one carat, is worth £8 (about \$40); two carats, £32, and so on. We leave to the readers of *THE ALDINE*, the task of finding out what would be, according to this system, the price of the King of Portugal's supposed yellow diamond, weighing 1,680 carats. This stone is, however, suspected to be a yellow topaz. Besides these monstrous diamonds, others exist which, though much smaller, are yet of a very respectable size. The most celebrated are the Austrian, weighing 139 carats (this is, however, a yellow diamond); the Pigott, the property of the Marquis of Westminster, 78½ carats; the Empress Eugenie's, 51 carats; the Pasha of Egypt's, 40 carats.

The principal diamond mines exist in India, the most celebrated being Golconda; others are to be found in Brazil. Diamonds have been found in Rutherford County, also in Hale County, Georgia. Their primary formation is, in the language of mineralogists, a regular octahedron, but they are also found in a formation called rhombic dodecahedron. Holland must be mentioned as the home of the best diamond cutters, though Venice for a long time was considered a powerful rival. Small inferior diamonds called Bort, are used by lapidaries to cut and polish not only diamonds but other gems. The diamond mills are worked by steam, the stone to be cut being placed on metal plates covered with diamond dust, the machinery acting on these metal plates causing them to revolve with tremendous rapidity.

Emeralds were considered by the ancients as more valuable than diamonds, and are even now much valued on account of their beautiful color. The finest specimen is the large uncut block, weighing eight ounces and sixteen pennyweights, found near Santa Fé de Bogota, the property of the Duke of Devonshire. Large cut emeralds are hardly ever seen, this stone being seldom found without flaws.

The finest mineralogical display in the world may be seen in the British Museum, where Professor Maskelyne has arranged in such a way as to delight the eye the specimens in his charge. Amethysts of

a size hardly to be imagined, topazes, garnets, rubies are spread out with great care, special attention being paid to their grouping. Two large beryls, weighing respectively eighty-three and forty-eight pounds, are curious on account of their size. We may here mention that our old authority, De Boot, describes a ruby, the size of a hen's egg and perfect, the property of Rudolph II, which he values at about \$150,000. Gems of this size are so uncommon that it is curious that their pedigree, as well as present whereabouts, cannot be ascertained more definitely. The articles of the numerous writers on the subject of gems, will be found, when collated, to disagree, generally on some important points; and the present writer lays before his readers such information as he has been able to gather from the various articles and works which have treated this matter.

A description of the State Crown of Queen Victoria may be well appended to an article on precious stones. This crown contains more diamonds than that worn by the celebrated Catharine of Russia, in which were studded 2,536 diamonds. The British State Crown was made by Messrs. Roundell & Bridge, in 1838, with jewels taken from other crowns by order of Her Majesty. It consists of a crimson velvet cap with an ermine border, lined with white silk, the gems being diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, set in precious metals. The lower part of the band consists of a row of 129 pearls; the upper, of a row of 112 pearls, between which is the large sapphire, purchased by George IV. At the back is a smaller sapphire, and six other sapphires, three on each side, between which are eight emeralds. Above and below the sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds, 128 diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments containing 160 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons containing 148 diamonds. In the front of the crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby given to Edward the Black Prince by Don Pedro the Cruel, after the battle of Najara. This ruby was worn by Henry V, in his helmet, at Agincourt, A.D., 1415, and is surrounded by 75 brilliants. Three other Maltese crosses forming the two sides and back of the crown have emerald centres, and contain in all as many as 386 brilliant diamonds. Between the Maltese crosses are four *fleur-de-lis*, with four rubies in their centres, and surrounded by diamonds, containing respectively, 34, 36, 86, 87 diamonds. From the Maltese crosses issue four arches, composed of oak leaves and acorns; the leaves contain 728 diamonds, the acorns being 32 pearls, set in cups, containing 54 rose diamonds and one table diamond. From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large, pendent, pear-shaped pearls, with cups made of 12 rose diamonds, and stems of 24 very small rose diamonds. The mound surmounts the whole, and contains 548 brilliants, the zone and arc being composed of 53 rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a large sapphire in the centre, surrounded by 4 large brilliants, and 108 smaller brilliants. This sapphire is said to date from the reign of Edward the Confessor, A.D. 1042. Unfortunately, the truth of this legend admits of doubt, as the jewels composing the British regalia were sold during the time of the Commonwealth. When Charles II ascended the throne, the principal gems were purchased from their possessors, and once more became the property of the British crown. This account, given by Professor Tennant, agrees with that published by Dr. Feuchtwanger, in his excellent treatise on "Gems." The value of the state crown is given by this author as being £111,000, about \$555,000. American travelers, who may have visited the chamber in the Tower of London containing the British regalia, will be able to judge from their own recollections, as well as from the above description, whether this sum may be considered as too high a valuation.

—Sutton F. Corkran.

TALENTED.—I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable, *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *skillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, etc? The formative of a participle passive from a noun is a licence that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America. —Coleridge.



## HOLBEIN'S "LAIS CORINTHAICA."

TO THE last year of Holbein's residence in Germany belong two small portraits of ladies, richly dressed in the costume of the period. Both of these portraits are carefully treasured in the museum of Basle. One of them, from the inscription "Lais Corinthica," and the other from having a little naked boy with arrows, evidently representing a Cupid,

to immortalize them as Queens of Love, or as one of the attendant Graces, according to the taste of the lucky possessor of the original beauty, who gave the commission for the portrait to the artist.

With regard to the Lais and its companion, we learn from the records of Bonifacius Amerbach, in Basle, who had these works of Holbein from the master himself, that both were portraits of ladies of the Offenburg family, and the researches of the in-

solved. This question is, however, of far less interest than the artistic merit of the picture, and it is much better worth while to ask the causes which make this work one of the most remarkably attractive creations of old German art.

Holbein certainly stands alone among all the artists of the 16th century on the German side of the Alps in the fact that while he early felt the influence of his great Italian contemporaries in art, and yielded



LAIS CORINTHAICA. — HOLBEIN.

were intended to imitate the antique. It is certain that the art of the Renaissance was open to this criticism on both sides of the Alps, and the fact that artists, especially of the German school, had no hesitation in giving the fashionable dress of the day to their classical subjects, even after the wider spread of antiquarian knowledge in the world of art had brought with it a more correct idea of the methods of the ancients, may be regarded as the result of that taste of the Renaissance, which transferred the actual or imaginary customs of the classic world to their every day and practical life. Thus it became very common to paint beautiful women as goddesses, or

defatigable student of Holbein, His-Heusler, of Basle, have proved to his satisfaction that one of them was a certain Dorothea Offenburg, the wife of one Von Sultz, whose failure in conjugal fidelity is said to be recorded in this portrayal of her as Lais. Art students are, however, divided over the question whether the Lais is "a portrait named 'Lais Corinthica,' but really representing a lady of Basle, of well-known family," or "a picture of Lais, which is supposed, most incorrectly, to be a portrait of a lady of Basle;" and until we can learn the circumstances under which the commission was given to Holbein, it will be impossible for this art-problem to be satisfactorily

to it consciously, he yet lost nothing of his own originality or power, through his thorough study of the methods of others. Whilst Durer, in spite of his ardent admiration for the antique which he expresses in his writings, and in spite of his attempt, after his return from Venice, to embody in his picture of the "Four Apostles," painted in 1526, the simplicity and quiet grandeur of the classic Italian masters, fell into the same error, as did all the other German, French, and Dutch artists of that day, without exception — an imitation of the Italian method, which was so far from successful as to be synonymous with an abandonment of all truth to nature, and all beauty, or grace —



the study of the Italian masters was for Holbein like the sunshine which ripened the precious fruit of his original genius.

Woltmann has shown in his excellent biography of Holbein that the master in his work in Augsburg, in 1516, on the Altar-piece of Sebastian, has evidently attempted to model the youthful naked body of the saint as closely as possible after the antique. So, too, the Saints Elizabeth and Barbara, in this same picture, suggest the noble, womanly creations of the Italian quatero-cento style; and in the two fine works, the Madonna of Solothurn (1522), and the Madonna of the Burgomaster Meyer, the German artist would not have reached that exactness of drawing, that harmonious grouping of the figures, which distinguish these admirable pictures, had it not been for his study of the Italian school. This same observation may be made as regards the Lais. Waagen recognized in it the influence of the Netherland school of art, and Hermann Grimm finds in its Dutch style, artistic and historic proof of a journey of Holbein's through the Netherlands to England in 1524; but Woltmann insists that the character of the picture is much more similar to the school of Milan than to that of the Netherlands, and he argues that its resemblance to the Dutch work of that period is due solely to the fact that the artists of the Netherlands were themselves influenced by the study of the Italian methods. But while the whole style and treatment which Holbein shows in this picture of Lais, the conspicuous and pure oval of the outline of the face, its peculiar smile, the wide and high-arching brows and the eyes themselves, suggest so unmistakably the Milan school which produced Leonardo da Vinci as to make it probable that Holbein visited Lombardy. The picture as a whole shows a deeper and more intimate relation with the spirit of the classic Italian artists than the influence of the Milan school alone would be sufficient to account for.

Whether Holbein saw the works of the great Florentine, or whether the influence of the Northern Italian art was enough to rouse within him the slumbering feeling for the loveliness of the material world, which showed itself in the mythic beauty of his drawing, we know not; but we can say of the Lais, that such a selection of the most attractive features of woman, is only one step removed from the ideals of a master who executed the "Beautiful Woman of the Tribune."

**RELIGION OF ENGLISHMEN.**—An Englishman would be exceedingly mortified if he had no faith in another life; in his eyes it is the natural complement of the present one; in every important crisis his thoughts grow solemn, and turn towards the vista beyond the grave. In order to image to himself the mysterious country which attracts the aspirations of his soul, he has a sort of antique map, which is Christianity explained by a highly revered body of geographers, who are the clergy. The map admits of many explanations, and the official geographers permit a certain latitude to individual views. Being unfettered, he is not dissatisfied; never dreams of distrusting either his geographers or his map. — *H. Taine.*

# IL BEATO.

From the German of Elize Polko.

THE sight of but one of the heavenly forms created by the pencil of Fra Angelico da Fiesole, called "Il Beato," radiant in that light of transfiguration which overhangs all his pictures, must convince the awestruck gazer that the divinity in art moves with resistless mystery to meet the painter who serves the divine. But by how many strange paths the great interpreters of the heavenly vision have been led to consecrate their pencils to the holiest themes, may be read in many an old book upon the art of painting, and the lives of painters.

Il Beato, the creator of the "Coronation of Mary," the "Ascension of Christ," and the "Birth of John," was, in his youth, as Giovanni Tosini, only a portrait painter of fair women. Merry and care-free, the

he led, enveloped in an atmosphere of beauty, not one of his fair court had succeeded in permanently ensnaring the youth of twenty years, and the story of his fickleness flew from lip to lip. So the Florentine ladies called him "the man without a heart," the angel," "the butterfly," sighed over him, and—went on adoring him.

Giovanni's elder brother resembled him in no respect. A grave, gifted man and skillful artist, he painted only landscapes, in colors as decided and outlines as clear and distinct as those of his own character. The two brothers occupied a little cottage, on a slight elevation, in the suburbs of the city. A garden surrounded the house, and, near the door, a summer-house, embowered in vines, commanded a charming prospect of the city and the rushing Arno. There they sat often, hand in hand, talking of their dead loved ones, and of their art, and building many a shining air-castle of a life at Rome, neither hiding from the other a single secret of his soul.

They were seldom together longer than two weeks at once, for Guilio loved travel, and often left Giovanni for months undisturbed in his little retreat. It was a quite resistless instinct of wandering which thus drove the diligent landscape-painter forth, when he was scarcely warm under his roof, and happy once more in the society of his brother. Alas, for the man born under the dominion of such restless passion, yet enchained at home by bands too heavy to be broken; whose heart springs aloft at the sight of a white wing cleaving the air, yet falls wretchedly again, like a passage-bird with broken wing, which watches from the ground its fellows whir joyously away through the ether! From such captives grow strange characters—men living neither for their own nor others' happiness, and looking forward to death as a release, and the beginning of a joyful pilgrimage.

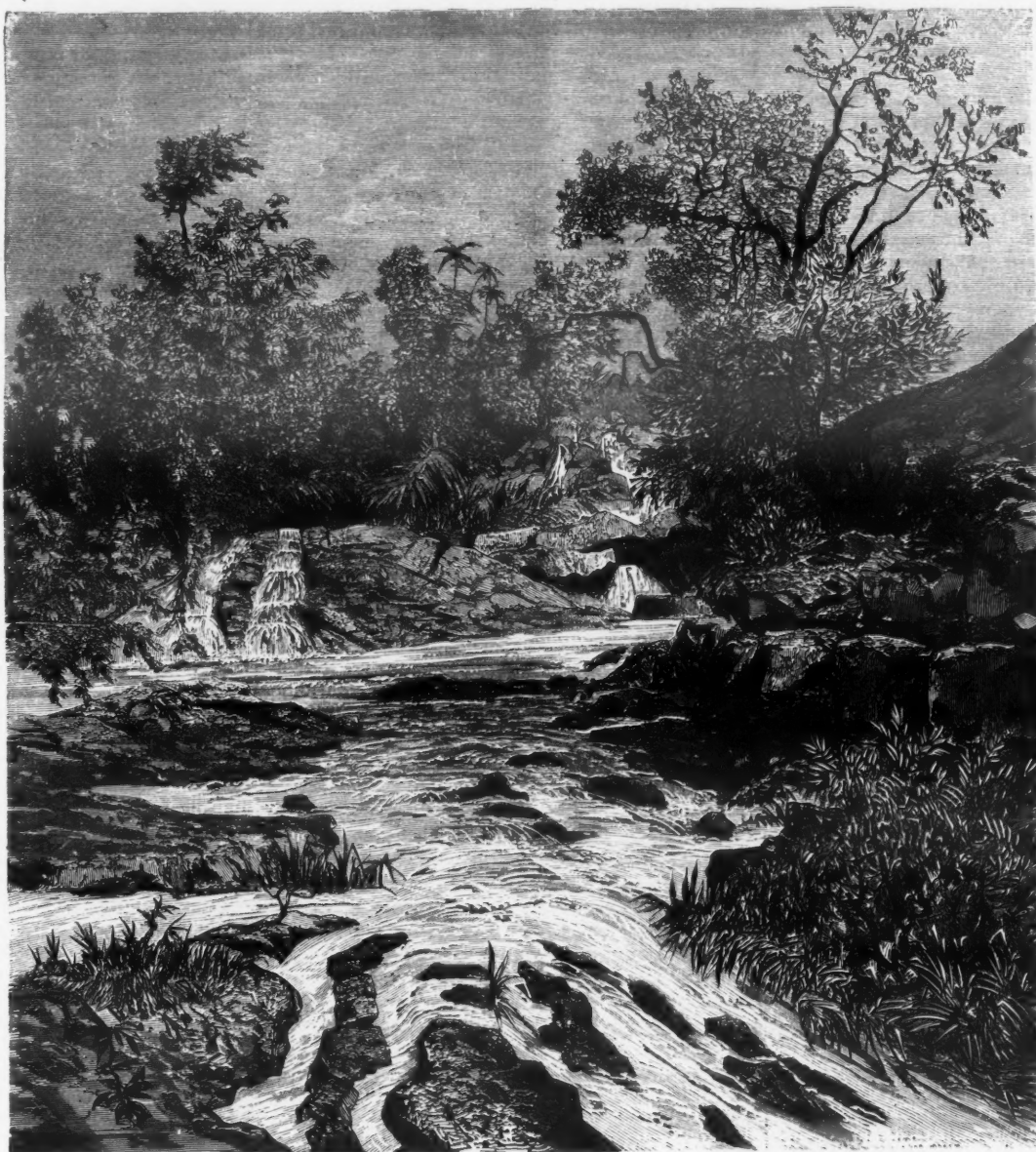
When Giovanni beheld the fresh sketches which his brother had brought home from time to time, he learned to sympathize with his restless spirit, and rejoiced that it was possible for Guilio to

come and go, unfettered by closer ties of love. So long as Guilio remained at home, Giovanni renounced all his charming lady-friends. There was so much to be asked and answered, and the itinerant's portfolio was a mine of wealth to be explored. Out of it came many a graceful sketch and noble landscape; perchance, a lovely face or harmonious group, whose outlines Guilio, like some bold robber-bird, had borne away unharmed.

But at last—it was in autumn—he came home much earlier than he had been expected, and, throwing his arms about Giovanni's neck, he whispered: "I must go away again to-morrow, but I have come to tell you all, and to beg you to set the house to rights. Why, you will better understand, when I!"

Then, as he met his brother's astonished gaze, he went on, hastily:

"In a little while I shall bring home my bride, and then my wanderings will be over. Oh! they can do all things—these women, Giovanni! Beware of them! I, who thought myself so secure, and free as any bird, I, too, am bound, hand and foot, at last!



VIEW ON THE RIVER ALBAI.

earthly spring-time was to him a thousand fold dearer than that heaven of which he might never have thought, save for its needed sun and moonlight; and even at the holy mass, his gaze of devotion was not so much for the face of the reverend priest, as for the fair penitents kneeling at his feet.

After the death of their parents, in 1406, Giovanni Tosini dwelt with his elder brother, Guilio, in Florence. The beautiful daughters of the famous city were only too happy to return, with added fervor, each glance of his adoring eyes. Glorious eyes they were, comporting well with the matchless face and form. It was no wonder that old and young thronged to his studio, for the skill of his pencil charmed all hearts. But the young artist, fastidious though poor, sent away many a noble dame with her handful of gold, because he found no pleasure in her haughty, loveless face, and painted instead some dowerless maiden, who watched with delight her rosy cheeks and laughing eyes glow and beam again upon the canvas, nor hesitated, when the portrait was finished, to reward the enchanter with a kiss. But, despite the gay life



My betrothed is the only child of an old goldsmith, near Pisa, who now lies sick unto death. As soon as I have closed his earth-weary eyes, I shall come hither with Ginditta. See here! This ring the little one put on my finger, but you shall wear it—your fingers are more slender than mine, and the pressure hurts me. How it all came about I do not know, only that one *must* love her you will understand when you have seen her face. Then set the house in order, and your new sister shall give you thanks!"

As he spoke, he slipped the little band upon the ring-finger of his brother's left hand.

"I think the betrothal will stand fast without this little pledge!" he said, laughingly, and kissed Giovanni.

Giovanni shook his head.

"What will you do with a wife hanging to your cloak, when the spirit of wandering comes over you again?" he asked, playfully.

"That will never come, where the blonde Ginditta rules and reigns!" was the answer.

"Is she beautiful?"

"Not so beautiful as the Florentines—her mother was a Venetian—yet far too fair for me!" laughed Giulio.

Giovanni shoved the golden circlet musingly upon his finger.

"Look here! It fits as if I had been measured for it! I will take good care of it for you!"

They talked a little longer yet, and, next day, when Giovanni had promised to prepare, as best he could, for the reception of the young wife, and had wished for the dying goldsmith a gentle and painless release, Giulio returned with a light heart to Pisa.

Giovanni now began the re-arrangement of the upper story of the house; and, strangely enough it seemed to him, in all his plans and purchases, as if he were fitting up the little nest for himself, and not for another. He labored especially for the adornment of the little boudoir, adjoining which he would have his studio, with his easel so arranged that he could always overlook the place where stood the pretty, carved chair provided for the young wife. The little sleeping-chamber, too, was tastefully furnished, and through all these rooms Giovanni would wander with strange pride and joy. He stayed now all day at home, going out only for his meals. He sat for hours idle before his easel, where was the portrait of a young Florentine lady, needing but a few additional touches for its completion. Yet the young artist let his pencil rest, leaned his head upon his hand, and dreamed. At such moments, he was himself the loveliest of pictures, sitting thus, his hand with the palette idle upon his lap, the maul-stick between his knees, his fine head inclined, and his large eyes gazing into the next room where the carved chair kept its accustomed place. And the longer he looked and dreamed, the more clearly he saw appear there a slender, delicate female form in light garments, who looked across to him with laughing eyes. How distinctly the small head was revealed against the background of vines which pressed against the window! Heavy golden braids rested, like a halo, upon the innocent brow. Sometimes he sprang up, striving to hold fast the lovely vision with his pencil, but ceased, in despair, as it vanished from him into mist and fragrance. He had strangely lost all desire for his accustomed portrait-painting, and when he had, at last, finished the picture of the beautiful Teresa, he firmly refused all orders, to the dismay of his numberless fair friends. Suddenly he began to find pleasure in illuminating the margins of missals, and from all his graceful arabesques emerged the blonde head of a saintly maiden, looking out, lovely and pure, from a labyrinth of leaves upon a golden ground. These sketches brought him such rapid fame, that the young painter must have had two pairs of hands and eyes to fill all the orders he received. He worked on with ever-increasing ardor, and sought again and again to fix upon the parchment the fair, sweet image of his dream, but only the golden hair, the slight form, and delicate features were the possession of his hand—the expression of her eyes eluded him still, and his saint was always painted with downcast glance. So, deeply buried in his work, he scarcely marked how autumn and winter passed away, and spring, with laughing face, stood outside, and peered at him through the window. And with it came, at last, tidings of Giulio, through a traveling painter from Pisa who brought his greeting, and the message that next autumn he should surely come to the little house upon the hill, and the brother whom he longed to

embrace. The strange artist could not praise enough the beauty and loveliness of the young wife, and the rare fortune of Giulio who could call such a pearl his own. And Giovanni listened thoughtfully, and, as if in a dream, turned the golden band upon his finger.

Again month followed month, and October came brilliant as a queen adorned for her triumph. More than a year had passed since the brothers parted, yet Giovanni had felt no sadness at Giulio's delay. So wondrously sweet life had grown to him in his solitude, *vis-a-vis* with the lovely dream-vision. Ever clearer grew its outlines, and when, now and then, he seemed to catch the glance of the deep, dark eyes the heart of Giovanni knew no wish beyond. He anticipated, with something like disquiet, the return of his brother; and, if he had dared, he would have hated the new sister whose coming must crowd away the enchanting phantom from its place at the window. A flood of unutterable tenderness for the precious vision had gradually overwhelmed his whole being, until his nightly prayer to his patron saint had come to be: "Grant that no one molest me!" His love for his brother, the admiration for beautiful women, which had once filled so large a share of his life, melted, like drops, into the infinite sea of this new emotion. Giovanni Tosini was living the most blessed dream-life ever permitted to a mortal. But the more his heart trembled at the near destruction of his happiness, the stronger outward signs of joy would he show to his brother. Giulio should never know how far away he wished his coming, nor should the new sister guess the strange play of his fancy.

One day the message came: "To-day brings thy brother and sister!" Giovanni left his work, and hurried into the garden to pluck flowers and vines for the adornment of the boudoir and studio. The loveliest garland he placed before the seat of the new sister, and bound another to Giulio's easel. Then he ran out once more to gather green, that he might enwreath the chair, where, even to this hour, his sweet vision seemed still to abide. It was long before he came in—the sun was already high in the heavens, and a radiant glory streamed over all. A sportive breeze drove the long vine-tendrils in at the open window, as Giovanni stepped within the little room, his hands laden with flowers, his dark locks hanging carelessly about his glowing cheeks, and his eyes full of dreamy fantasies. Suddenly he uttered a cry!—his face grew deadly pale, and vines and blossoms fell at the feet of the young matron, who rose up to meet him. What miracle was this? Warm with living smiles and blushes, she stood before him—the vision of his dream! There was the slender figure in the light-blue dress, the heavy golden braids, the innocent forehead, the delicate nose, and chaste, pure mouth, the dark, enchanting eyes, with their long lashes, and fine brows. Tears filled his eyes; an unutterable anguish tore his heart. He could not speak, but he felt himself clasped in the warm embrace of Giulio.

"Give him your hand, Ginditta!" said Giulio, with a happy smile; "and forgive us, Giovanni, for surprising you so! Have you prepared a bed for our little one?" And, at this question, Giovanni noticed, for the first time, a pretty, laughing servant-maid, who stood at one side holding a sleeping babe of scarce three months.

"No—you told me nothing of it!" he answered, in amazement.

Giulio laughed.

"Only lift him! The boy is no king's son, to wake at a touch. And now, go into the kitchen, Rosetta, and bring us luncheon, for we are hungry and thirsty."

A kitchen! Alas, alas! Giovanni was pale and red by turns. The brothers had been used to take their noon and evening meal at an eating-house. The dark kitchen, behind the house, Giovanni had scarcely entered. O, why must a kitchen be needed? But Giulio, comprehending his dismay, made him laugh with contagious merriment. The maid ran out for supplies, and, despite the forgotten kitchen, none starved that night in the little house. A cot was made up for the maid, and the child slept more sweetly upon its young mother's bosom than in the whitest cradle in the land.

In the course of a week, the house was arranged to the complete satisfaction of all. How changed was all beneath the gentle sway of the lovely housewife! How sweet sounded a child's voice through the once quiet rooms!

Ah, fortunate Giulio, to whom all these treasures of cottage, wife and child belonged!

Day after day, Giovanni worked, as before, in the studio, and, when he lifted his eyes, he saw the high back of the carved chair rise above the living form of the young mother with her child. Ginditta was scarcely seventeen years old—a blending of child, maiden, and mother. How could it be possible, thought the young artist, to watch her with her boy, and not lay heart and soul at her feet? He followed her every motion, and her voice floated about him like music; but when, sometimes, his eyes met her own, a crimson flush glowed upon her face, and her long lashes sank upon her cheeks, while he felt his breath stop in his breast, and the blood surge in wild tumult to his heart. For long, long afterwards he would not look again.

And the saintly picture on the golden ground? Ah! he had no courage now to paint her face—the strong heads of pious martyrs looked out instead from his mazy arabesques. By day and night, he brooded over the cruel miracle by which he had surrendered his entire being to a fanciful picture, destined to appear to him afterwards as the wife of his brother. A thousand times he wished the silent, evanescent phantom in the place of the living Ginditta. That belonged, without sin, to himself alone; but the young wife? He felt the little ring burn like fire upon his finger. Sometimes he felt that he must disclose to his brother the strange secret which lay, like a mountain-weight, upon his soul; yet, when he would have opened his lips, he could not utter a sound. Giulio seemed even more grave and quiet than of old, and his eyes rested often with a sorrowful expression upon his playful boy. Toward his young wife he exhibited rather the kindness of a father than the tenderness of a husband. She herself lacked in no gentle duty, yet there was no glow of spontaneous love in the eyes which she raised to his face. So the time slipped by, like a summer's day, heavy with tempest. Winter and spring passed, and altered nothing. Even his art no longer aided Giovanni in his unequal struggle with the emotion which possessed him. He reproached himself for a wretched bungler—deep despondency settled down upon him. He had never worked less, and work had never seemed so hard as now. Ever present with his passionate longing was the consciousness of its sinfulness. A deep, indefinable pity possessed him for Giulio—for Ginditta, for himself—until he yearned to be released from a life of which he had grown weary. At times, he would almost have snatched his beloved one in his arms, to hide himself with her in the farthest corner of the earth; again, the thought came to him of making a pilgrimage to Rome, there to live and die for his art. Yet he did nothing—he only lingered and looked upon her face, and heard the music of her voice, and lived upon the tremulous pressure of her hand, when she would say, at evening:

"Felice notte, Giovanni!"

And Ginditta? How could she resist his love—she who had given herself to her husband only at her father's wish? From the moment when her eyes first rested upon him, there had been for her no sunshine but in Giovanni's glance. More despairing grew her prayers to the merciful Mother, sadder her smile, more weary her step.

One day Ginditta went to put the babe to rest, and the two brothers sat together in the studio. Giulio had opened a window—the summer evening lay soft as a kiss upon the blooming lips of the earth. The valley shimmered in rosy, tremulous splendor, and the waves of the Arno were dappled with gold. The harvest-wagons were passing by upon the street, and handsome peasants, with bared breasts, walked beside their oxen, each bearing in his hand a long staff hung with garlands. Coquettish maidens leaned upon the brown arms of their lovers, their black braids decked with flowers. Some sang love songs, and, in the interludes, tender words and glances flitted to and fro. Then, suddenly, amid all this fullness of life and love, there sounded through the divine serenity of the evening, the stroke of the vesper bell, and a band of pious monks, who had just been to administer the sacrament to a dying man, went by on their return to the cloister. How all grew in an instant hushed and still! The sound, with its monition from the holy world beyond, seemed to breathe like an air of eternal peace upon these young, fiery hearts. And at the same moment, the fatal ring, which Giulio had playfully slipped upon Giovanni's finger so long before, fell from his hand, and rolled at the feet of the elder brother. Giovanni sprang up, and throwing himself upon his brother's



bosom, cried: "The saints have sent me a token! I see my way—well for me—for thee—for her! Let me go, Guilio! Once more we will be at peace! See! the ring which I have sinfully worn, lies at thy feet, and to thee, as to a priest, I will confess all. Thou shalt bless me and shrive me—for I am a sinner, my brother!"

And when he had confessed all, from the first appearance of his fanciful vision, even to this last hour, depicting every secret struggle and conflict, and concealing no thought of his heart, he whispered in his brother's ear:

"I pray you, kiss me once, and let me depart. I will go into a cloister!"

Guilio's trembling hands raised the beloved face from his breast, and looking long upon the beautiful pale features, he kissed again and again the brow and eyes of his darling. At last he said:

"No, my jewel!—not you, but I will go. You, so young, so created for happiness and love, shall never bury yourself in the cell of a cloister; these perfect limbs shall be covered by no hair-woven garment. Live, and be happy, my boy, and let me go! But not into a cloister, Giovanni! You know it was never good for me to stay long in one place. I will go once more upon my wanderings. I knew long ago of your love. See here! These pages, with the outlines of her face, I found only a few days after our coming home, and ever since I have carried them about me. Take her—the wife whose ring you have worn—I give her to you. I will go far away—to the world's end—will vanish, if you will it—only do you be happy, my beloved! I have loved you longest and dearest of all the world—more even than wife, or child!"

He held his pallid brother fast in his strong arms, and when Giovanni shook his head in agony, he went on in a low voice:

"Long ago I conceived a plan, when I first saw your sorrow, and felt that I was stronger than you. Go to Rome, my boy. Ginditta shall stay here as my sister, for our child cannot yet spare his mother, and him I cannot let go from me. Let them be together here, until you have become a great painter, Giovanni. If Heaven should take away the boy, then Ginditta may follow you sooner. I cannot hold her back, for I know that she never gave me her love. She was betrothed to you with this ring, and our Holy Father, the Pope, will pass a merciful sentence when we explain to him the mysterious bond. Be at peace, my boy—all shall be well! Promise me to be at peace—do not tremble so! Go to Rome—it will be only a short separation!"

All night the brothers remained together in deepest communion, and next morning Giovanni packed his painting implements, and hung upon his brother's neck in the bitterness of parting. His thoughts of the cloister had been put aside at Guilio's entreaties, and the vision of Rome warmed his gloomy heart with ardent anticipation. He would learn to work—to create—and leave the future with Heaven. He had not seen Ginditta; only from Guilio's lips should she learn of his departure.

"After three months I will follow thee to Rome, and bring tidings of her, and of us all," said Guilio, as he at last freed his brother from his embrace.

So Giovanni traveled on, day after day, often—oh, how often!—looking backward toward the home he had left, and her who had been the light of his life. At last, sick and weary, he fell fainting by the wayside, where pitiful monks found him, and bore him into their cloister. There he lay so heavily ill that the pious brethren murmured over his couch the prayers for the dying. Bathed in sweet dreams, he lay upon his pillow, and a serene smile played upon his features. His preservers loved him for his patience, and the marvelous beauty of his face.

Months had passed since Giovanni's advent at the cloister, when, one morning, all gathered about him, believing that his last hour had come. Louder and louder rose their prayers for the departing soul. There was wondrous peace in the narrow cell. The rays of the rising sun pressed through the curtain-folds, and, falling upon the pillow where the young head lay, gathered in a halo about his brow. Suddenly the sick man raised himself, and called for his painting implements. His voice was weak, but his eyes clear and calm. Willing to indulge the last yearning of a dying man, they brought him what he wished. The sick man sat up and began to paint, while the monks crowded breathlessly about him, and every eye hung upon the strokes of his pencil. The thin, delicate hand painted, and painted, and the

canvas grew clear and bright, until it was a bit of real heaven which they saw, and the gold of that celestial atmosphere in which the blessed breathe; then, out of the blended blue and gold, emerged slowly the winged head of a child-angel.

At evening the picture was finished, and the monks sank to their knees before it. Only a real angel could look upon them with that earnest, blissful face. No wonder that the abbot bade them close the doors and windows of the cloister, lest the heavenly vision should soar away to its native home!

But the features of the angel were those of Guilio's boy, and underneath Giovanni had written: "I pray for you!"

When the work was done, he sank back, and fell into a gentle sleep, from which he awoke, next morning, convalescent. He grew stronger from hour to hour, to the joyful astonishment of all, and soon he was able to walk about in the shaded cloister garden. At last, when he was quite well again, he had a long interview with the abbot of the cloister, and a few days later, the young painter was formally received into the Order of Dominicans, and became a monk of the Convent of Fiesole. They called him, as once the fair Florentines had done, Angelico—Fra Angelico, and the day of his investiture was a feast of joy to the monks.

At the same hour when Giovanni received the tonsure, a mendicant friar, bearing the angel-picture, entered the little house upon the hill, near Florence. Unhindered he went up the stairs—all was still and empty. But from the studio there came a low sob, and, as he opened the door, he shrank back from the picture of agony which met his gaze. A despairing woman knelt beside the body of a child, and a man lay upon the floor, tearing his hair in anguish. The kiss of the death-angel had, indeed, rested upon the merry boy of Guilio and Ginditta, and the grief of the bereaved parents was so overwhelming that they refused every consolation of the church, nor allowed the dead body to be laid at rest in the earth.

"Where is my child? Where is his soul? Let me go to seek it!" cried the wretched mother, staring with tearless, burning eyes upon the corpse.

"I will die and go to my boy!" moaned Guilio.

Then the monk stepped nearer, with a low greeting, and spoke of Giovanni, who was now called "Fra Angelico," and had sent them his last earthly message. Ginditta cried out with pain at the beloved name, and turned her pale face, for the first time, from the corpse. Guilio rose, and extended his hand to the messenger. The monk reached out to him a package of considerable size, saying: "In this you shall find consolation!"

With trembling hand Guilio unloosed the wrappings. Suddenly gleamed forth the overpowering splendor of the golden ground, and within it, heavenly-smiling, hovered with outstretched arms, his beloved boy! The large eyes were open wide, light wings bore him aloft; and as Guilio looked closer and closer, he saw appear, as if by enchantment, countless smiling, beaming angel-heads, upborne by shining wings, and hovering about his blessed child. He placed the picture reverently upon his easel, and while he knelt before his brother's work a marvelous peace distilled its healing upon his lacerated heart. Then he heard the sobs of his wife, and felt her tender hand seek his own, and heard her whisper: "I have found the soul of my child—let his body sleep in peace in the earth!"

All night they sat together with the pious father, and talked of him who was called Fra Angelico. The monk told them how a dream upon his sick bed had revealed to Giovanni the death of the child, and how he had painted the picture for the comfort of his beloved ones. Ginditta ministered to the faithful messenger with food and drink, and washed his bleeding feet. Early next morning they buried the child under a blossoming pomegranate tree in the garden. Ginditta plucked a single flower, and said:

"Take it to Fra Angelico; it is the greeting and the gratitude of a sister."

Guilio attended the monk a little way upon his journey, and said, as he gave him his hand at parting:

"We will henceforth call our beloved one Il Beato—tell him so—for Heaven has blessed him as an angel of consolation to the sorrowing. Tell him that we pray for a re-union in heaven—my wife and I."

Not even the pictured angels of the inspired Raphael were so lightly poised, so utterly immaterial, transparent and glorious, as those of Fra Angelico da Fiesole. The fame of his wonderful pictures flew

through all lands, and with it the nobler fame of his gentle piety. He seemed a very saint in vigorous self-denial, in fastings, penances, and prayers, and in deeds of charity to the poor and suffering.

When he had brought some large frescoes for his own cloister to marvelous perfection, Cosmus of Medici, requested him to decorate the cloister of San Marco, and the Church of Santa Annunziata. He adorned each cell of the cloister with noble frescoes, and the church with a representation of Mary, which excited the wondering adoration of all beholders.

This splendid work completed, Pope Nicholas V. summoned him to Rome, and honored him with the commission of decorating the Laurentius Chapel in the Vatican. There he painted three scenes from the life of St. Laurentius, which so delighted the Holy Father, that he offered him an arch-bishopric as a reward, but Fra Angelico declined the honor with proud humility, and returned to his cloister.

On the day preceding his return, temptation met him yet once again, and a single vibration from that far atmosphere of love which he had renounced forever touched his ear with the old harmony.

As he passed out from the Vatican, and down the stairs, the people crowded adoringly about him, to kiss the hem of his robe. Walking on, with a gentle smile for each, he saw kneeling upon the last stair, the form of a female heavily veiled, who stretched her hand to him entreatingly, as he came near.

He stopped with a strange thrill, and the blessing died upon his lips. The bowed head was raised, the veil thrown back—it was Ginditta, lovely still with the charm of the old time.

She smiled, as if she would have said: "All is over—at last I am in my heaven!"

Then she whispered softly: "Guilio, too, is dead, and I am—with thee! Say, what thou wilt have me do!"

"Seek admittance to the convent of the Sisters of Charity, Ginditta," he answered, deadly pale. "Do not linger; and when you remember your dead in your prayers, then remember me, also, until we find each other again in heaven. For we shall meet—never to part—Ginditta!"

He made the sign of the cross upon her forehead, and left her. A half-smothered cry of pain would have recalled him, but he hastened on more rapidly—he would not hear. But all night long Fra Angelico lay sleepless and faint upon his couch, tortured by a thousand memories.

The noblest of all his paintings was created in the quiet seclusion of his own convent—"The Coronation of Mary," surrounded by saints and angels, amid the devout adoration of St. Dominic. The sweet, pure face of Mary resembled in its outlines that other face with innocent brow and blooming lips—the face of Guilio's bride—the young love of Giovanni.

The last work of Fra Angelico, before his second visit to Rome, was the completion of a group from the Transfiguration of Christ, which he called "The Meeting of the Blessed." There he had once more conjured before his eyes the lovely form, and perpetuated it in color, glorious and transfigured. Guilio, too, was there—the brother beloved. At his side knelt Fra Angelico in pilgrim's dress, and over both, in pure embrace, bent the angel-figure of Ginditta. And all around were other blissful embraces, jubilant recognitions, heavenly re-unions of loving and beloved, of wife and husband, parents and children, brothers and sisters—a grand painted anthem of immortality!

Fra Angelico went a second time to Rome, followed by the tearful regrets of his brethren of the convent, to paint the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament in the Vatican. There, in the Eternal City, his work worthily accomplished, he suddenly closed his strangely beautiful eyes. They found him—his palette and maul-stick still in his hands—dead in the chapel. Weeping, they laid the beloved form upon a bier, and bore it into the Church of Minerva, and when they had set it down in front of the altar, the features of the old man of sixty-seven years were transfigured, and became those of a youth of surpassing beauty. So testify all the biographies of Fra Angelico. The people crowded to pray beside his coffin, and to touch his body, and all who carried any secret sorrow were lightened and comforted.

The Pope canonized Fra Angelico under that name given him by many hearts so long before: "Il Beato."

—Mary A. P. Humphrey.

MEN live better in the past, or in the future, than in the present.—*Novalis*.



## A PEEP AT ABYSSINIA.

If it is advisable that the average inhabitant of the earth should know as much as possible about the planet on which he dwells—a question which admits of dispute—it is fortunate for him that there are always men who will undertake to go anywhere for the sake of adding to their and his stock of knowledge. We can understand the passion for travel in certain portions of the earth—the lands, for example, over which history has cast the glamour of heroic deeds and famous names—

"The glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome."

We can understand the desire of the devout Christian to visit Jerusalem, and the Mount of Olives, Bethlehem, Bethsaida, and the Lake of Galilee. We can understand the desire of the classic scholar to discover and explore the site of Troy. We can even understand the desire to travel in countries like

killings of a half-mad despot, and the rescue of several of their troublesome countrymen.

Little is known in regard to Abyssinia. The ancients styled it Ethiopia, and its inhabitants Ethiopians, from a Greek word which signifies of a dark color. The Arabs called them Habesch, which in Arabic signifies a mixed people, whence the name Abyssinia, or, more correctly, Habessinia. They called themselves Itopians. Their history is obscure. They have a tradition among them that their country is Sheba, and that one of their queens visited King Solomon, as narrated in the Scriptures, but it must be taken *cum grano salis*; as well as the assertion that the issue of this visit to the Hebrew monarch was a son named Menilebek, from whom sprung the Abyssinian kings. The land seems to have been divided at an early period into different kingdoms, one of which, the Kingdom of the Auxumitæ, was flourishing in the first or second century of the Christian era. The site of its chief city, Auxume, is now occupied by the modern Axum, in Tigre, where

Virgin Mary and the child Jesus passed into Abyssinia when they fled to Egypt, and show a place on a high mountain which is called her throne or seat. What the conversion of the Abyssinians amounted to, we shall see further on; in the meantime let us gather up the scattered threads of their history. We find them possessed of considerable power about 522, when, under the command of King Elesbaan, they attacked and destroyed the Homerites on the opposite coast of the Red Sea. About sixty years later they were expelled from Arabia. Towards the close of the tenth century Queen Judith, a Jewish princess, conceived the design of murdering all the members of the royal family, and of establishing herself on the throne. She succeeded in this project, though the infant king was carried off by some of his adherents to Shoa, where he was acknowledged. Judith reigned forty years, and transmitted the crown to her posterity, and it was not until 1268 that the kingdom was restored to the royal house in the person of Icon Amlac. The royal residence was



EMPEROR'S PALACE AT GONDAR.

China and Japan, the study of whose arrested civilization opens a curious chapter in the history of the human mind. What we cannot understand is the desire, the passion, which drives men like Livingstone to waste the best years of their lives in the interior of Africa, surrounded by savage and brutal races, who are perpetually at war with each other; who have no history that is worth knowing, and whose chance of civilization, if they have any, is about on a par with that of their Simian neighbors. Is the true source of the Nile worth the bother that has been made about it; the money that has been spent in not discovering it; and the hardships and dangers into which it has led adventurous travelers? Speaking for ourselves, and with all modesty, we think not. It may be of some importance to geographers, but it is of no importance to any other class of men. As far as the world at large is concerned, the whole interior of Africa might as well be a *terra incognita* as anything else. They have no interest in it, and if they had, it is interest which will never be paid. There is Abyssinia, now—is that worth what it has cost the English within the last eight or ten years? It has cost them a war, and the expenditure of three or four millions of pounds sterling—for what? The

vestiges of ancient greatness are still to be found. The arts of Egypt and Greece had penetrated thither: the Greek language was used in their inscriptions, in one of which, still extant on a monument at Axum, one of their kings calls himself the "son of invincible Mars."

There are blanks in the history of Abyssinia, which the historian may regret, but they are of no great consequence to the rest of mankind. Given a people, and what we really know about them, we can readily conjecture the missing portion of their annals, which, in the case of the Abyssinians, is little else than a succession of battles and changes of rulers—a scene of tumult and bloodshed. The Gospel is said to have been introduced among them by Frumentius, who was consecrated Bishop of Abyssinia by St. Athanasius of Alexandria. This occurred about the year 330 of the Christian era, previous to which date it is not probable that any serious attempt had been made towards the conversion of the Abyssinians, though some assert that efforts in that direction were made by the Eunuch of Queen Candace whom Philip baptized; while others pretend that St. Matthew and St. Bartholomew had actually visited the country. Some even go so far as to assert that the

removed from Axum to Shoa, and Amharic became the court language. Near the end of the fifteenth century the Portuguese sent missionaries to Abyssinia. They were well received, and might have accomplished a good work, but for the arrogance of the Jesuit Mendez, who so far ingratiated himself with the Emperor Lusneius as to be intrusted with the religious affairs of the country. The Emperor swore obedience to the Pope, and commanded his subjects to embrace the Roman Catholic faith. They refused, and civil commotions were the consequence, till 1631, when the returning good sense of the Emperor freed them from the tyranny of the Jesuits by allowing them to choose their religion. He was soon succeeded by his son Basilides, who at once expelled Mendez, and his mischievous followers.

To the anarchy and confusion so long characteristic of Abyssinia, new elements of discord were constantly added. A house divided against itself, it was weakened within by contests between the governors of its different provinces, and it was threatened without by the encroachments of the Gallas, a powerful and warlike tribe on its southern border. Cities and villages were burnt, and their inhabitants sold into slavery. The authority of the king was merely nom-



inal. He resided with a small retinue at Gondar, and was treated with but little respect by his vassals. It was not long before the kingdom was divided into several petty kingdoms, which were misgoverned by the successors of former governors, or by conquering Galla princes, and which were perpetually at war with each other—a condition of affairs that has continued to the present day.

Gondar, the former residence of the *Negus*, or king, is now in the possession of a Galla prince. It covers a circuit of about eleven miles, and had at one time from fifty to one hundred churches; but it has fallen from its high estate. Its houses, which are built in a straggling manner, are only one story in height, with thatched roofs. There are no shops, or bazars; the business of the town, what there is of it, is conducted out of doors, generally in the open market-place, where goods are exposed for sale on mats. There is a small trade in elephants' tusks, coffee, honey, and wax, not to mention a trifling manufacture of sword blades, knives, razors, and firearms. The ancient palace of the emperor, a square, stone structure, flanked with towers, is the only building of note in Gondar.

The most entertaining of recent travelers in Abyssinia is Mansfield Parkyns, who published a couple of curious volumes about its people in 1854. He lived among them like one of themselves, and made a careful study of whatever interested him in their habits and modes of thought. He devotes a chapter to their religion. "Christianity," he says, "is the prevailing religion of Abyssinia, being professed by the majority of the population, as well as by the reigning princes of the different states. There are, nevertheless, scattered through the country, many Mohammedans, and some Falashas, or Jews. The former are mostly descendants of families who adopted that religion in the early times of Islamism, when the Christians of Ethiopia were surrounded and often overpowered by the victorious followers of the false prophet. Some, however, trace their origin to settlers either from the Mussulman Galla, or other neighboring tribes, or from the Arabs; and some few, again, are men, who, having left their country for a time on commercial speculations, or from other motives, have been seduced from the faith of their fathers. Mohammedans are to be found in almost every town in Abyssinia. They are for the most part employed in commerce, the manufacture of cotton cloths, and such like. Few of them are soldiers, they being esteemed by the Christians as cowardly and effeminate. The Jews of Abyssinia are less numerous than the Mohammedans, and confine themselves principally to certain districts. They retain the ancient religion of the country before the introduction of Christianity." The Christianity of the Abyssinians would hardly pass muster in the Western Hemisphere. "In matters of profession," Parkyns observes, "no nation is more loudly Christian than the Abyssinians. Bigoted and prejudiced in the extreme, they will not eat of the meat slaughtered by any one but a Christian. They are extremely superstitious in their belief of miracles and the interposition of the saints, the names of whom are continually in their mouths. Their fasts are more numerous perhaps than those of any other Christian people, more than two-thirds of the year being assigned to abstinence. Nor in their fasting do they get off as easily as the Roman Catholics; for it is not sufficient that they abstain from animal food only; an Abyssinian, during fast time, neither eats nor drinks anything till late in the afternoon; and this, as may be imagined, is a severe mortification of the flesh in a hot and enervating climate. It is true the Mohammedans do nearly the same during their chief month of Ramadan; but they only change the day into night, feasting during the night-time on more luxurious food than many of them could allow themselves during the remainder of the year; while the Abyssinian, when he does eat, confines himself to dried peas, dressed in a sort of bad oil, or to an equally unpalatable dish made of a kind of spinach, called 'hamly,' or 'goummen.' This oil is called 'kivvy nyhoke,' after the plant 'nyhoke,' from the seeds of which it is extracted. The plant bears an orange flower, and the seeds have some resemblance to linseed. The oil is of a very drying property, almost like varnish, and is not only exceedingly strong and unpleasant to the taste, but also proves to some people so unwholesome, that the Roman Catholic missionaries obtained a dispensation to cook their food in butter on fast

days, some of them having suffered severely from the use of the oil."

The aboriginal Abyssinians appear to belong to the Caucasian race. They are most numerous in the country districts, and are of a dark olive color approaching to black. They are generally handsome, with long hair, and expressive, animated eyes. Parkyns assures us that both men and women are well formed, and often strikingly beautiful. "In feature as in form, the young Abyssinian women are perhaps the most beautiful of any on the earth. They must not, however, be confounded with the Galla slaves who are sold in Egypt under the name of Abyssinians, but who are of a very inferior caste. On the contrary they have a face nearly European, with a color not often dark enough to be disagreeable, but sufficiently so to prevent too great a contrast with their large black eyes—a defect which I have often noticed in some Asiatics, and even Southern Europeans, especially where, as is often the case in the East, the complexion is sallow, or pure white, with little or no color. They possess to an eminent degree the size and beauty of eye usually attributed to the inhabitants of more sunny climes; sometimes in-

night, while others not so nice make it last a month, or longer. They use great quantities of butter upon it between whites, in order to prevent the chance of a settlement of vermin, and employ a piece of stick, like a skewer, for scratching. When Parkyns was in Abyssinia it was the thing for the dandies to appear in the morning with a huge pat of butter (about two ounces) placed on the top of the head. This, as it gradually melted in the sun, ran over the hair down the neck, over the forehead, and often into the eyes, thereby causing much smarting. To prevent this, they usually wiped their forehead with their hands, or their garments. As may be imagined the dresses of neither sex are long free from grease. But this is of no importance, especially among the sterner sex; indeed, many of the young men among the soldiery consider clean clothing as "slow," and appropriate only for a townsman or a woman. The weapons of the Abyssinians are the sword, the spear and the shield. The latter is round, and nearly a yard in diameter. It is made of buffalo's hide, and adorned with the mane or tail of a lion. They have war dances, and war songs in which they chant their prowess. Our dusky young friend below is no doubt shouting, "*Ya-Galla gadai!*" "The Slayer of the Galla!" If he is one of King Theodore's soldiers, he is yelling, "*Ya-Ingles gadai!*" "The Slayer of the English!"

#### WOOD OR SUMMER DUCKS.

SUMMER DUCKS revel in sports such as Mr. Burling depicts. They have shady places in woody brooks; places where there are luxurious banks covered with juicy wreaths of ferns and aquatic grasses at the water's edge, while higher up Virginia creepers and tropical looking plants flourish, rich and rank with the drainings of the hill side. It is very mid-summer in his picture, and the affectionate pair are taking a noon-day swim together in high happiness, without a care beyond the successful bringing out of a certain number of ducklings, at this moment safely reposing, shut up in egg-shell walls in the hollow of a neighboring plane tree which stands close to the brook.

One may see that the male duck—he with the crest, is a very peacock among ducks. Lightly, softly, and full of grace he sits upon the surface of the water, dark with reflections of the overhanging foliage. Evident pride is in his beautiful form, and his glorious color, flashing at every turn of the lithe neck, brilliant in contrast of fine white above, and dark violet brown below and on the breast. His cheeks and the sides of his hind neck are violet, while his forehead, his crown, and his pendant crest shine with glossy bronze-green, ending in violet, and mingling with the lines of white as they run backward from the corner of his vermilion bill, and from his eyes, and fall with the plumes that droop in a perfect curve from the hind head.

A crescent spot of pure white, bordered with a like marking of pure black, marks the sides of the breast; under the wings the sides of the body are beautifully marked with fine parallel undulating pencilings of black on a warm grayish ground, and the flanks are still further decorated with broad alternate semi-circular patches of black and white, which cover the lower edge of the wings when they are closed. His back gleams with green and dusky bronze of a changeable metallic quality of color, and the great quills show steel-blue in the direct light.

Thus gorgeous he can afford to flaunt his beauty among the moose-heads and lilies, and let his most pardonable vanity shine out in the glitter of his scarlet *irides*.

The Wood Ducks are the most easily tamed of all the varieties of our wild ducks, and, it may be, after a sufficient number of generations, would produce a new breed of domestic ducks, more beautiful and equally useful with the progeny of the Mallard, now become the common domestic duck of the farm-yard.

The building of nests in hollow trees at some height above the ground, is peculiar to this, and one or two other species, and it is not improbable that they might be brought to build in our Dove-cotes, and will yet rival the pigeons in the estimation of fanciers.

After all, the principal attraction in wild birds, to those who really love nature, is to be found in the contemplation of the charming lives they lead; in their loves and joys, and pretty fears—all poetry to us, though perhaps they, too, have "stern realities" in their lives. Who can tell?



SINGING THE WAR SONG.

deed so large, that, if drawn accurately, the picture would undoubtedly appear exaggerated to persons unaccustomed to them."

Like her sisters, the world over, the Abyssinian woman is fond of ornaments. "A well-dressed lady," Parkyns says, "will hang three or four sets of amulets about her neck, as well as her blue cord, and a large flat silver case (purporting to contain a talisman, but more often some scented cotton), ornamented with a lot of little bells hanging to the bottom edge of it, and the whole suspended by four chains of the same metal. Three pair of massive silver and gilt bracelets are on her wrists, and a similar number of 'bangles' on her ankles; while over her insteps and to her heels are a quantity of little silver ornaments, strung like beads on a silk cord. Her fingers (even the upper joints) are covered with plain rings, often alternately of silver and silver-gilt; and a silver hair-pin, something similar to those now worn by English ladies, completes her decoration." She stains her hands and feet with henna, does this "picture of silver," and darkens her eyelids with antimony. As a rule neither sex wears any covering for the head. They tress or plait their hair, and then—butter it! As the operation of plaiting is rather a tedious one, they repeat it as seldom as possible; a dandy, for example, will make his tressing last a fort-



## LITERATURE.

It is a curious fact, but we believe it is one, that every people yet heard of dislike to be criticised. They may stand a mild amount of criticism upon themselves, by themselves, but the moment a foreigner ventures to express his honest though, perhaps, erroneous opinions concerning them, they flare up and resent it as a personal indignity. It is so with the American people, though not to the same extent as forty or fifty years ago, when the Trollopes, and the Fiddlers, and the Halls were "doing" America for the amusement of their self-righteous countrymen. They traveled—a little, and they published—a great deal, and the latest of their books of travel was invariably the worst. What these professional tourists thought and said of us forms the substance of a bulky volume, published by the late Henry T. Tuckerman, about ten years since, and entitled, if our memory is not at fault, "America and Her Commentators." It is rather amusing now, but the multitude of volumes out of which it was made was anything but amusing to our more patriotic, and, certainly more thin-skinned, ancestors. What the English thought of us as late as when Dickens made his first visit to this country, will readily recur to his American readers, the oldest of whom has hardly forgotten his "American Notes." "What right had Dickens to satirize us," was the feeling, "after the cordial reception we gave him?" "My good people, Dickens was a satirist by profession; besides, he satirized the English more than he did the Americans." "That may be, but they deserved it—" "And we did not? Think a moment." "No, not exactly that; but then he made us ridiculous." Better ridiculous than vicious. It is true that he laughed at us, but he saw our good points; and if we had only passed that mythical Copyright Bill, which was so near his heart—and his pocket—that impossible Copyright Bill, which will never be passed till it is to the interest of three or four great American publishers to have it pass, which will not be in our lifetime—why, he would have seen ten good points where he saw one, and we should have admired the man as well as his genius. We should have admired him as well as Thackeray. Precisely. But if Thackeray had written about us—we will not say as Dickens did—but what he could not but have felt when he compared our civilization with that of England—the one raw, the other ripe, and rotten, if you like—we should have discovered that he was only a bitter old cynic after all. His own people called him such. "There's nothing new, and nothing true, and it don't signify," was their criticism upon him. He lived it down, of course, as Dickens lived down the Yorkshire schoolmasters, who considered themselves libeled in "Oliver Twist." The fact is, every people is thin-skinned, and it is not difficult to "establish a raw" on the cuticle of the English, whatever they may say to the contrary. They can afford to laugh at the traditional Milor Goddam of the French stage, as they can afford to laugh at Sothorn's Lord Dundreary, but when it comes to so acute, so learned, so catholic an observer as M. Taine, the laugh ceases. They cannot say of him that he is merely a Frenchman, and, of course, does not understand them, for he can prove from their own admissions in regard to his "History of English Literature," that they think him the least French of all the Frenchmen who have studied them and written about them.

M. Taine's last work on the English is a series of papers which was contributed by him about a year ago to the columns of the Paris *Temps*, and which attracted a great deal of attention wherever the French language was read. Selections from these papers, translated into English, soon appeared in the London *Daily News*, and were widely read and discussed. They were made the theme of leading articles, and were employed to point morals, and to clinch arguments. In short, they made a sensation, which was not lessened by the fact that the University of Oxford had recently conferred upon M. Taine the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Laws. A translation of M. Taine's whole series, the work of Mr. W. F. Rae, has since appeared, under the title of "Notes on England," and is included by Messrs. Holt & Williams, in their standard edition of the writings of M. Taine. What the English think of their new D. C. L., we have forgotten, if we ever heard, but we can readily imagine that some of his "notes" will not pass current among them. We cannot judge of them, perhaps, not being English ourselves, as we judge of his "History of English Literature," but from our casual knowledge of Englishmen, they strike us as being candid and just. M. Taine is a close observer of manners, and his observations, and the comparisons which they suggest, are always worthy of serious consideration. His comparisons are such as only a profound scholar could draw, and whether we agree with them or not, they set us thinking. The topics upon which he touches embrace the most characteristic phases of the life of the upper and middle classes of England; the life of the lower classes he scarcely glances at, and it is just as well. He could teach the English nothing in regard to that; and as for others, it would be as unfair to judge the English by what might be read of its lower stratum, as to judge the French by the Communists.

We shall not attempt to follow M. Taine in his observations, but quote a few passages at random. He has been to, and returned from the Derby:

"About eleven o'clock in the evening we proceed to Cremorne Gardens, a sort of Bal Mabille, and where the folly of the day is continued throughout the night. At the entrance is crowding and jostling; a band of English force their way through, crying, 'Make room for the Japanese Ambassadors.' Within, especially at the turnings, the crowd is terrible, but one can find breathing space in sombre recesses. All the men are well or properly dressed; the women are harlots, but of a higher class than those of the Strand; they wear bright shawls, white stuffs of gauze or tulle, red cloaks, new bonnets; there is a dress which has cost £12; but the faces are rather faded, and sometimes, in the crowd, they raise terrible cries—the cries of a screech-owl. What is most comical, and proves their state of excitement, is their notion of pinching people, particularly foreigners. One of our party, who is forty years old, being sharply pinched and otherwise scandalized, leaves the place. Another woman beats a gentleman on the back with her fists for having trodden on her foot; he laughs, and all the on-lookers are pleased. They are decidedly good-natured folks; I saw no one lose temper in the scuffle; and they were provoked; one of my French friends imprudently jeered loudly; this must be witnessed in order to comprehend the joyous rustic festivals of the sixteenth

century, Shakspeare's 'Merry England,' the abounding primitive sap of the tree which Puritanism has clipped, pruned, and rendered rigid as well as straight. We sat down near three young women at a side-table, and we offered them sherry and beer; they did not drink too much. Our book-English and their emphasized speech became mixed in a ludicrous jumble. One of them is the gayest and most playful of creatures; I have never seen animal spirits equally redundant; another, modest, rather pretty, slightly sad, is a milliner, and lives by her needle; she has a friend who spends the Sundays with her; I looked carefully at her, and saw that she had the making of an amiable honest woman in her, like any other. In what lies the chance? It is impossible to state their number in London; it has been put at 50,000. Certain houses are filled with them from top to bottom. We escorted them to the gate, and paid for their cabs. Our conveyance returned through streets, crescents, squares, which I did not recognize. A sepulchral glare illumines the empty Babel, and covers the colossal architectures with the whiteness of a winding-sheet. The dense, unwholesome air seems to be still impregnated with human exhalations; at intervals, we perceive a hungry woman loitering, a poor wretch in rags, the feet covered with cloth. While walking through the nightly procession of the Haymarket, I thought about the Argyll Rooms, a sort of pleasure casino which I had visited the night before; the spectacle of debauchery here leaves no other impression than one of misery and degradation. There is no brilliancy, dash, and liveliness about it, as in France; when a gentleman wishes to dance, a master of the ceremonies, with a badge and a white tie, goes to find a partner for him; the two often dance together without exchanging a word. These poor girls are often beautiful, many have a sweet and honest look; all dance very properly, smile a little and do not gesticulate; they are in low dresses, but when dancing they keep their cloaks on. As to the men, their external appearance is that of leading merchants, wharfingers, middle-class manufacturers, or their sons, their foremen, who have forsaken their accounts, their commerce, and their coal. They like a gaudy show, an illumination in colored glass, women in full dress, showy and variegated dresses, white shawls embroidered with red flowers and exotic birds. They have plenty of money; a bottle of champagne costs twelve shillings; the price of the evening's amusement may be £6. A tragical thing is that men and women both drink, and begin by intoxication—it is the brutality and destitution which first meet together in traversing unreason, imbecility and stupor. One returns deeply grieved, with a bitter and profound feeling of human grossness and helplessness; society is a fine edifice, but in the lowest story, what a sink of impurity! Civilization polishes man; but how tenacious is the bestial instinct! I dare not yet pronounce judgment; however it seems to me that the evil and the good are greater here than in France."

M. Taine gives us an amusing picture of the robust Englishman, who, some insist, is a type of the race. It is very common among soldiers, notably among the Life Guards, a select body of men, who seem to have been chosen for an exhibition of human products, like picked prize beets and cauliflowers.

"Other monuments, rather less tall, but even fresher and more varnished, are the servants of a great house. They wear white cravats with large faultless bows, scarlet or canary-colored knee-breeches, are magnificent in shape and amplitude; their calves especially are enormous. In the fashionable neighborhoods, beneath the vestibule, about five o'clock in the evening, the butler seated, newspaper in hand, sips a glass of port; around him, ushers, corded lackeys, footmen with their sticks, gaze with an indolent and a lordly air upon the middle-class passers-by. The coachmen are prodigiously broad-shouldered and developed; how many yards of cloth must be required to clothe such figures? These are the favorites of creation, the best fed, the most easy-going, all chosen and picked in order to act as specimens of the nation's physique. In the great houses their clothing is found them; the two lackeys must be of equal height, like two horses. Each of them states his height in the newspaper advertisements; 5 feet 9 inches and a half, 5 feet 11 inches. So much goes for the size of the calves, so much for the shapeliness of the ankles, so much for the commanding presence; the ornamental look is worth to them as much as an extra £20 a year. They are taken care of, and they take care of themselves in consequence. Their table is nearly as well served as that of their masters; they have several kinds of wine and beer, and hours of relaxation. It is necessary that their exterior should proclaim the wealth and style of the house; they know this, and they are proud of it. However, their stuck-up airs have become proverbial. Thackeray has drawn upon them for several characters in his novels, and has made them the subject of one romance. *Punch* has caricatures on the same subject; a valet gives his master warning because he has seen his lordship on the top of an omnibus, another because the color of the livery does not suit his complexion. The lackey behind a carriage is so fine that he resembles a big doll; street boys stick pins into his calves to see if they are real or stuffed."

M. Taine, like Mr. Matthew Arnold, is far from being satisfied with the present system of English teaching, which runs too much to muscularity, and its attendant vices—gluttony, drunkenness and the like.

"The teaching is not what is requisite for counterbalancing these gross tastes; there is nothing attractive about it; it can hardly be considered by the young people as other than a task; it is very slightly literary and altogether technical. The chief aim is to know Greek and Latin well, to write correctly in verse and prose in these two languages; in fact, by dint of memory and exercises the most clever succeed in doing so. On one point, the knowledge and the manipulation of Greek, they are far superior to the pupils of our lycées; I have in my hands prize exercises, in which scenes from Shakspeare are very well translated into Greek iambs in the style of Sophocles. But on other points I consider them inferior. Their Latin, prose and verse, is less elegant and less pure than that of our good compositions of the class of rhetoric. They do not appear to be really acquainted with history; they recount the legends of Curtius and of Regulus as authenticated facts. They descant on chivalry and the Middle Ages in vague generalities, as was done in our old University. They do not appear to apprehend the difference of manners, of sentiments, of ideas, of characters which is the result of centuries. They do not seem to have read, like our good scholars, the works of a genu-

ine historian, of a Thierry, of a Michelet, of a Guizot. In general, they have few ideas; if the questions relating to existing and practical contemporary politics are excepted, a student of rhetoric in a Parisian lyceum possesses more. They have read many classical texts; but the explanation which is given to them is wholly grammatical and positive. Nothing is done to set forth the beauty of the passage, the delicacies of the style, the pathos of the situation; nor is the process of the writer indicated, the character of his talents, the turn of his mind; all that would seem vague. The master does not speak to the pupils as a critic to persons of taste; he does not endeavor to refine their literary touch; he does not comment upon the great writers of their country. It is the same in mathematics; he teaches formulas rather than the spirit; the manual of geometry is always the text of Euclid learned and said by heart; reason and reasoning hold but a secondary place. Too frequently this teaching tends to form Greek scholars and calculators. On the contrary, the young Frenchman of nineteen possesses, if he be intelligent, and if he has been studious, general instruction, a quantity of ideas blocked out, some half ideas of his own, a decided preference for certain authors and a certain form of style, the embryos of theories, vague views about the beautiful, about history, about philosophy, at least the sentiment that there are vast questions of first importance on which he requires to form an opinion, a requirement all the more pressing because around him skepticism floats in the air, because, most frequently, he has lost his religious beliefs, because no prevailing doctrine, imposed or accepted, is at hand to arrest his fluctuating mind, and because, if he desires to cast anchor in a port, he is obliged to seek for the port and forge the anchor. Here many distinguished Englishmen whom I have known consider their school and even their university education as a simple preparation, a gymnastic, a training of the attention and of the memory, nothing more. They said to me, 'When finished with that, we have been obliged to undo, or rather to form, our education; to acquire by personal reading all that we have succeeded in learning about philosophy, about history, about political economy, about the natural sciences, about art, about literature.' A remedy is being found for this defect, the circle is now being enlarged; but it is still narrow, always having Euclid and Sapphic verse as its centre. In consequence, the mind, becoming adult at a later period, arrives later at forming comprehensive views."

The English cling to their religious opinions with tenacity. "They are formed, fixed, rooted; they constitute a part of his education, of his traditions, of the great public body whereof he forms a unit. He accepts Protestantism and the Church as wholes, along with the English Constitution. He sees in Protestantism a rule of conduct, a command to do justice, an appeal to internal self government. The Church he regards as an auxiliary of the State, an institution of moral hygiene, a good government for souls. All these reasons combine to make respect for Christianity alike a duty and a matter of propriety. It is very reluctantly admitted that an unbeliever can be a good Englishman and an honest man. Censure is passed upon those who, having become sceptics themselves, try to shake the faith of others. 'Intellectual poltroonery,' says the *Edinburgh Review* for 1848, 'is the only species of cowardice which is common in this country, but it prevails to a lamentable extent. Most of our writers have scruples and fears about the tendency of their works. The social penalties attached to unorthodox opinions are so severe and unmercifully inflicted, that among us philosophical criticism and science itself mysteriously hint at matters which ought to be proclaimed from the house-tops.' Not only are the lofty flights of the intelligence impeded, but in many cases an extreme strait-lacedness checks conversations and even actions. M. Guizot relates in his 'Memoirs,' that having said in company, 'Hell is paved with good intentions,' he was taken to task by a lady, who told him that the word 'Hell' was too serious a one to be introduced into general conversation. Particular oaths, such as 'Dieu me damne,' are odious, and nothing is accepted as an excuse for employing them. A young Frenchman of my acquaintance here, when rowing some persons in a boat, made a false move, whereby he fell backwards, letting slip the forbidden oath. The ladies of the party were astounded, and gazed intently upon the water; one of the gentlemen laughed outright, while the other two blushed like young girls. This religious prudery often leads to hypocrisy. I am acquainted with a London merchant who visits Paris twice yearly on business; when he is there he is very jovial, and amuses himself on Sunday as freely as any one else. His Paris host, who visited him at his house in London, where he was made thoroughly welcome, going down-stairs on Sunday to the room where there was a miniature billiard-table pushed the balls about on it. The merchant in alarm begged him to stop at once, saying, 'The neighbors will be scandalized should they hear this.' When next he visited Paris he took his wife and daughters with him; this time there was no more gayety, good fellowship, or pleasure-trips on Sunday; he was stiff, starched, a perfect pattern of propriety. His religion was a court dress. Such is the cant which disgusted Lord Byron. During the past twenty years it has diminished; Comte's philosophy, German exegesis, the conclusions of geology and the natural sciences, make their way slowly but continuously; free inquiry re-assumes its sway, and opens the doors without breaking the windows."

We close M. Taine's book with respect. Whether we should agree with his estimate of the English, if we were English ourselves, is more than we can say; but probably we should not. We have yet to see a traveled American with the average patriotic instinct who agrees with the English estimate of his own countrymen. They measure us by standards which we have repudiated, and often so offensively as to touch our pride. We have faults enough, Heaven knows, but we can be provoked into thinking them virtues. It is a good poetic sentiment to say,

"Oh had some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us;

but not a man among us is willing to adopt the standpoint of another. Least of all are we willing to see ourselves with the eyes of our friends. It will not surprise us, therefore, if the English cavil at M. Taine as they did at Hawthorne.

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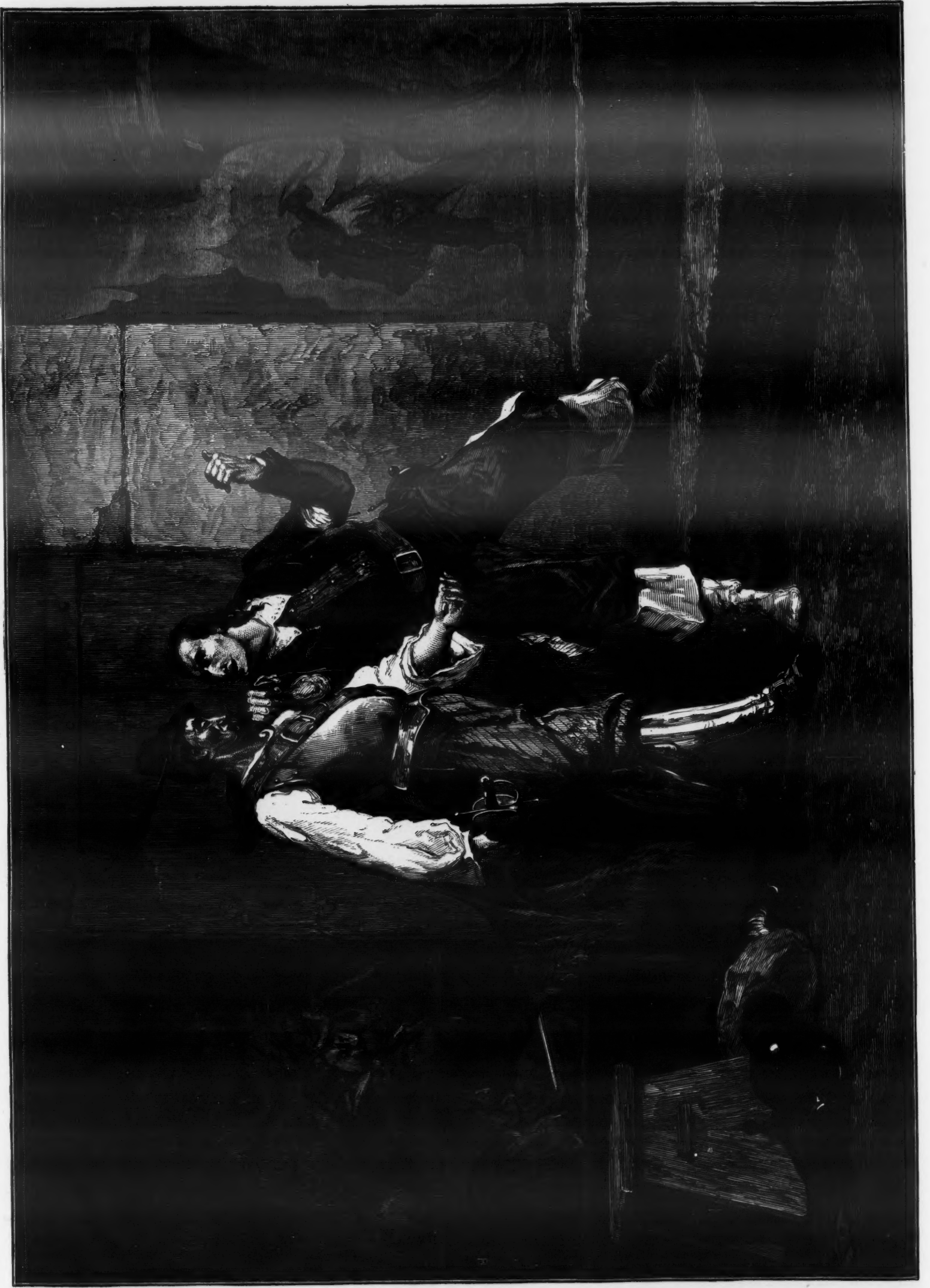


THE CASTLE OF MERAN.—C. HEYN.









BLOOD MONEY.—VICTOR NEHLIG.